

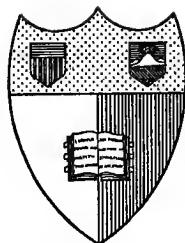
COMMEMORATION  
OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

FEBRUARY 22, 1819

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

HELD IN NEW YORK FEBRUARY 19-22, 1919

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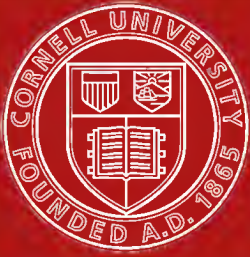
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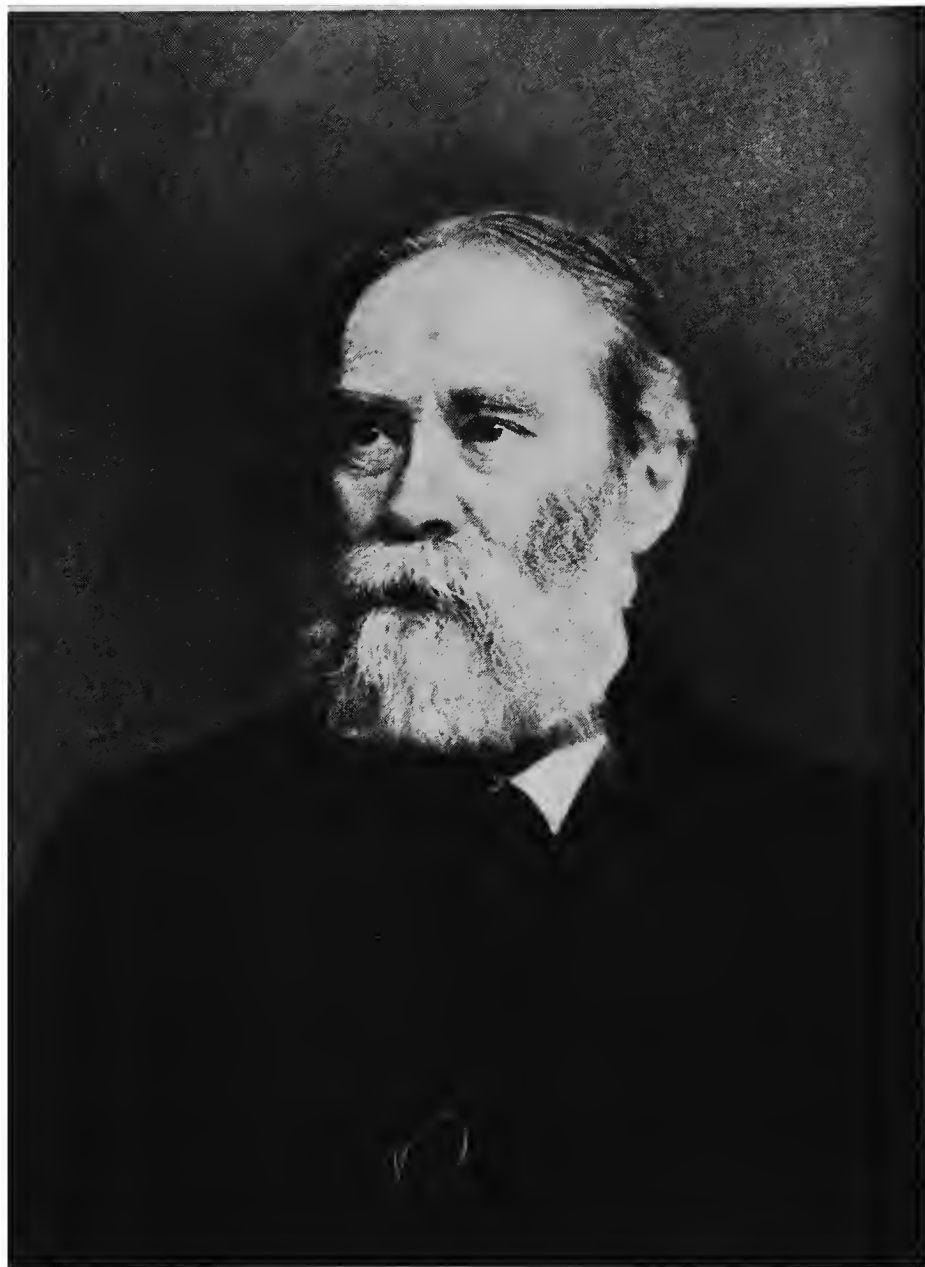
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COMMEMORATION  
OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL







*A. H. Love.*







COMMEMORATION  
OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

POET, SCHOLAR, DIPLOMAT

BORN IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 22, 1819

DIED IN CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST 12, 1891

HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS.  
IN NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 19-22, 1919



PUBLISHED FOR THE ACADEMY  
NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1919

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## PREFATORY NOTE AND LIST OF GUESTS

This Commemoration was suggested by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler to his Fellow-Directors of the Academy, with the two-fold object of celebrating the Centenary of Mr. Lowell as an American man of letters, and of accentuating in the public mind the power and unity of the literatures of the English-speaking peoples. Many prominent authors and statesmen of Great Britain and Canada were invited as guests of the Academy. Those who accepted and were present were:

### FROM GREAT BRITAIN

SIR HENRY BABINGTON SMITH, K. C. B.

Acting High Commissioner to the United States

JOHN GALSWORTHY, ESQ.

C. LEWIS HIND, ESQ.

ROBERT NICHOLS, ESQ.

ALFRED NOYES, C. B. E., LITT. D.

### FROM THE DOMINION OF CANADA

JAMES CAPPON, F. R. S. C., LL. D.

PELHAM EDGAR, F. R. S. C., PH. D.

SIR ROBERT ALEXANDER FALCONER, K. C. M. G., LL. D.

MAURICE HUTTON, LL. D.

STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK, F. R. S. C., PH. D.

ARCHIBALD M'KELLAR MACMECHAN, F. R. S. C.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, F. R. S. C.

### FROM AUSTRALIA

HENRY YULE BRADDON, M. L. C.





COMMEMORATION  
OF THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



## RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. BUTLER

At their home, 60 Morningside Drive

On the evening of February 19th a reception was given at their home, 60 Morningside Drive, by President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, and Mrs. Butler, in honor of the Academy and its visiting guests, to which were invited the members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and a large number of representative men and women of New York.



## DINNER AT THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

A dinner of the Academy in honor of the visiting guests was given at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Thursday evening, February 20th. A portrait in oils of Mr. Lowell, made from life by Mrs. Dora Wheeler Keith, courteously loaned by the Harvard Club, was an interesting feature of the occasion. Hon. Elihu Root, member of the Academy, presided and opened his address by offering the toasts that follow:

Ladies and gentlemen, please fill your glasses, which is still permitted, and raise them, which is indicated by high authority; I give you the health of the President of the United States!

(Drinking of the Toast)

*Mr. Root :* Ladies and gentlemen—the King!

(Drinking of the Toast)

## MR. ELIHU ROOT

MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY

Gentlemen of the Academy, ladies, our guests: When that stout English navigator, Hendrik Hudson, sailed the *Half Moon* into this harbor three hundred and odd years ago, the height of land to the north was inhabited by a League of Nations—Indian nations, five great powers of the aboriginal world, bound together by mutual covenants. By force of their organization they held sway over all the savage tribes from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, from Carolina to the Great Lakes of the Northwest. Their union did not depend solely upon the binding force of agreements. Across the lines of national or tribal division ran the lines of clanship. In each of the five Nations the members of the clan bearing the totems of the bear, the deer, the wolf, the beaver, were brethren of the members of the same clan bearing the same totem in each of the other nations. All the members of the clans were bound together by the traditions of brotherhood and sympathy in the most sacred ideals of Indian faith. The warp and woof of these double ties of political loyalty to the nation, and personal loyalty to brotherhood in the clan created a fabric of so firm a texture, of such quality of resistance against all tendencies toward disunion and dissension that the League of the Iroquois seemed destined to become the origin of a new civilization until the whites came with superior numbers and applied science, and a religion not perfect in its restraint.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters welcomes the brethren of its clan from across the boundaries of Britain and Canada, in the American Republic, with cheerful confidence that the ties of brotherhood in literature, of common traditions and sympathies and ideals may bind more firmly together in harmony of purpose and of action the several nations whose sons we are.

We have come together to celebrate the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell, American author of English blood, born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819, a descendant of Percival Lowell, who came from Bristol, England, to Newburyport, Massachusetts, in the year 1639, raised by his pen to be Minister representing the United States in Great Britain, and, thereafter, by natural sequence, representing the best thought and feeling of Great Britain to the people of the United States, a graduate of Harvard, Doctor of Civil Laws of Oxford, Doctor of Laws of Cambridge, sometime Rector of the University of St. Andrews, sometime Professor of Belles-Lettres and lecturer at Harvard, a gentleman of breeding and manners, a democrat of conviction and practice, a poet of noble thought and charm of expression, an essayist of insight and felicity, humorist, wit, satirist, a man of courage, of vision, worthy of trust, kindly, lovable, exhibiting the best qualities of his race. He illustrated in his own person, his character, his life, the essential unity of the race. He belongs to all of us. No one of us can say to another, "We celebrate your Lowell." We all of us are celebrating our Lowell, and when we honor him we are all honoring the great qualities of character and achievement wrought out in the long progress of the generations of the peoples from whom we spring. He was not of the greatest, with fame transcendent for all time, but he had his marked and conspicuous place in the long succession of men of genius from Piers Plowman and Chaucer down to the last great rendezvous with death in the battle lines of France and Flanders, the seers through whom the nobility of the race found voice.

He saw his Country in one of those strange lethargies which come at times to all peoples under the septic poisoning of prosperity. The compromise between freedom and slavery which made the American Union possible had endured so long, and had been followed by such vast material success that the general vision of his Countrymen had become ob-

scured, right and wrong had grown to seem to them strangely alike, and, when the vital question whether America should be slave or free demanded a decision, it found a people with consciences asleep, confused amid questions of expediency, halting upon timid counsels. Then Lowell spoke for the better nature, for the deep underlying nature of his people. Now in stately and noble verse, and now in quaint and homely exaggeration of Yankee dialect, with the power of intense conviction, with pathos, and wit and satire, and intuitive understanding of their natures, he reached the hearts and minds of his countrymen; he drove away the mists that obscured their sight, he awakened the memories of their past, their traditions, their ideals, their sense of justice, their love of liberty, and, under his influence more than that of any other save Lincoln alone, the soul of America rose above its timid materialism, and, by sacrifice and suffering, redeemed America for freedom.

When we come to honor James Russell Lowell, we do more than honor the man, we honor literature, the interpreter of the Divine spirit in man. Will anyone question that there is an essential unity of spirit served by that great company of poets and philosophers, historians and essayists and dramatists, the seers and prophets from all our lands, who by written word have destroyed the false by showing the truth, and driven out what was base by revealing what was noble; throughout the long struggle for ordered freedom wedded to justice, for truth, for liberty of thought, of religion, of expression and of action—the hard struggle through all the centuries from before Magna Carta until now Britain, her ancient kingdoms, her dominions and colonies, and her mighty offspring of the West, inspired by a single conception of public right and personal liberty, are together the chief hope and bulwark of the peace and liberty of the world. We honor that great company when we pay our tribute to Lowell, their brother

If anyone does question, let him tell me how it is that for



thousands of miles from the place where we now meet, south to the Gulf and the Rio Grande, north to the Arctic, west to the Pacific, more than a hundred million people, drawn from all the races upon earth, order their lives according to the course of the common law of England, base their political faith on the principles of liberty and justice established against unwilling governments by the Commons of England, and embodied in the limitations of official power in the American Constitutions; rear their children upon the nursery rhymes whose origins are lost in the mists of the Saxon Heptarchy; form their religion from the texts of the English Bible; make their laws, transact their business and carry on their social intercourse in the speech of our Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton. Here was power, the most tremendous formative power the world has seen since the prime of the Roman Empire. It was the power of the unity of the single spirit of the composite race, wrought out in the speech and life of humble folk, made manifest and guarded and handed down from generation to generation by the Men of English Letters, whose brotherhood of common service and common inspiration we celebrate this night.

All over the world the shock of universal war has broken the bonds of habit. Old postulates are denied, old customs abjured, old faiths forgotten. New dreams beckon. Nations tread unaccustomed paths that may lead to a millennium, or back into barbarism. From every part the peoples call to one another for sympathy and guidance and help. Deep calls unto deep. The fateful question: "What ideals shall rule the world?" hangs in the balance.

We join together for greater courage and hope and power, to the end that the ideals we have inherited and served may endure and prevail. We rest in faith that

"The single note  
From that deep chord which Hampden smote  
Will vibrate to the doom."

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to join me in a toast to the English-speaking peoples of the world—the Children of the Lion!

(Drinking of the Toast)

Ladies and gentlemen, if this were an asylum for the feeble-minded, I should introduce the first speaker of the evening with appropriate explanation; but it is not, and I present Mr. John Galsworthy.

## MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

Mr. Chairman: I do not think I can even try to express my sense of the honour done me, and the embarrassment I feel standing here, innocent of the higher culture, and so poor a representative of my country's literature—on this august occasion.

We celebrate tonight the memory of a great man of Letters. What strikes me most about that glorious group of New England writers—Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Thoreau, Motley, Holmes, and Lowell—is a certain measure and magnanimity. They were rare men and fine writers; of a temper simple and unafraid.

I confess to thinking more of James Russell Lowell as a critic and master of prose than as a poet. His single-hearted enthusiasm for Letters had a glowing quality which made it a guiding star for the frail barque of Culture. His humour, breadth of view, sagacity, and the all-round character of his activities has hardly been equalled in your country. Not so great a thinker or poet as Emerson, not so creative as Hawthorne, so original in philosophy and life as Thoreau, so racy and quaint as Holmes, he ran the gamut of those qualities as none of the others did; and as critic and analyst of literature surpassed them all.

But I cannot hope to add anything of value to your estimate and praise of Lowell—critic, humorist, poet, editor, reformer, man of Letters, man of State affairs. I may perhaps be permitted, however, to remind you of two sayings of his: "I am never lifted up to any peak of vision—but that, when I look down in hope to see some valley of the Beautiful Mountains, I behold nothing but blackened ruins; and the moans of the downtrodden the world over. . . . Then it seems as if my heart would break in pouring out one glorious

song that should be the gospel of Reform, full of consolation and strength to the oppressed. . . . That way my madness lies." That was one side of the youthful Lowell, the generous righter of wrongs, the man. And this other saying: "The English-speaking nations should build a monument to the misguided enthusiasts of the plains of Shinar; for as the mixture of many bloods seems to have made them the most vigorous of modern races, so has the mingling of divers speeches given them a language which is perhaps the noblest vehicle of poetic thought that ever existed." That was the other side of Lowell, the enthusiast for Letters, and that the feeling he had about our language.

I am wondering indeed, Mr. Chairman, what those men who in the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth centuries were welding the English language would think if they could visit this hall tonight, if suddenly we saw them sitting among us in their monkish dress, their homespun, or their bright armour, having come from a greater Land even than America—the Land of the Far Shades. What expression should we see on the dim faces of them, as they took in the marvellous fact that the instrument of speech they forged in the cottages, courts, cloisters, and castles of their little misty island had become the living speech of half the world, and the second tongue for all the nations of the other half! For even so it is, now—this English language, which they made and Shakespeare crowned, which you speak and we speak, and men speak under the Southern Cross, and unto the Arctic Seas!

I do not think, Mr. Chairman, that you Americans and we English are any longer strikingly alike in physical type or general characteristics, no more than I think there is much resemblance between yourselves and the Australians. Our link is now but community of language—*and the infinity which this connotes.*

Perfect language—and ours and yours had come to flower before white men began to seek these shores—is so much more than a medium through which to exchange ma-

terial commodities; it is cement of the spirit, mortar linking the bricks of our thought into a single structure of ideals and laws, painted and carved with the rarities of our fancy, the manifold forms of Beauty and Truth. We who speak American and you who speak English are conscious of a community which no differences can take from us. Perhaps the very greatest result of the grim years we have just been passing through is the promotion of our common tongue to the position of the universal language. The importance of the English-speaking peoples is now such that the educated man in every country will perforce, as it were, acquire a knowledge of our speech. The second-language problem, in my judgment, has been solved. Numbers, and geographical and political accident have decided a question which I think will never seriously be reopened, unless madness descends on us and we speakers of English fight among ourselves. That fate I, at least, cannot see haunting the future.

Lowell says in one of his earlier writings: "We are the furthest from wishing to see what many are so ardently praying for, namely, a National Literature; for the same mighty lyre of the human heart answers the touch of the master in all ages and in every clime, and any literature in so far as it is national is diseased in so much as it appeals to some climatic peculiarity rather than to universal nature." That is very true, but good fortune has now made of our English speech a medium of *internationality*.

Henceforth you and we are the inhabitants and guardians of a great Spirit-City, to which the whole world will make pilgrimage. They will make that pilgrimage primarily because our City is a market-place. It will be for us to see that they who come to trade remain to worship.

Mr. Chairman, what is it we seek in this motley of our lives, to what end do we ply the multifarious traffic of civilisation? Is it that we may become rich and satisfy a material caprice ever growing with the opportunity of satisfaction? Is it that we may, of set and conscious purpose, always be

getting the better of one another? Is it even, that of no sort of conscious purpose we may pound the roads of life at top speed, and blindly use up our little energies? I cannot think so. Surely, in dim sort we are trying to realize human happiness, trying to reach a far-off goal of health and kindliness and beauty; trying to live so that those qualities which make us human beings—the sense of proportion, the feeling for beauty, pity, and the sense of humour—should be ever more exalted above the habits and passions that we share with the tiger, the ostrich, and the ape.

And so, I would ask what will become of all our reconstruction in these days if it be informed and guided solely by the spirit of the market-place? Do trade, material prosperity, and the abundance of creature comforts guarantee that we advance towards our real goal? Material comfort in abundance is no bad thing; I confess to a considerable regard for it. But for true progress it is but a flighty consort. I can well see the wreckage from the world-storm completely cleared away, the fields of life ploughed and manured, and yet no wheat grown there which can feed the spirit of man, and help its stature! Lest we suffer such a disillusion as that, what powers and influence can we exert? There is one, at least: The proper and exalted use of this great and splendid instrument, our common language. In a sophisticated world speech is action, words are deeds; we cannot watch our winged words too closely. Let us at least make our language the instrument of Truth; prune it of lies and extravagance, of perversions and all the calculated battery of partizanship; train ourselves to such sobriety of speech and penmanship, that we come to be trusted at home and abroad; so making our language the medium of honesty and fair-play that meanness, violence, sentimentality, and self-seeking become strangers in our lands. Great and evil is the power of the lie, of the violent saying, and of the calculated appeal to base or dangerous motive; let us, then, make them fugitives among us, outcast from our speech!

I have often thought during these past years what an ironical eye Providence must have been turning on national propaganda—on all the disingenuous breath which has been issued to order, and all those miles of patriotic writings dutifully produced in each country, to prove to other countries that they are its inferiors! A very little wind will blow those ephemeral sheets into the limbo of thin air. Already they are decomposing, soon they will be dust. Mr. Chairman, to my thinking there are only two forms of national propaganda, two sorts of evidence of a country's worth, which defy the cross-examination of Time: The first and most important is the rectitude and magnanimity of a country's conduct; its determination not to take advantage of the weakness of other countries, nor to tolerate tyranny within its own borders. And the other lasting form of propaganda is the work of the thinker and the artist, of men whose unbidden, unfettered hearts are set on the expression of Truth and Beauty as best they can perceive them. Such propaganda the old Greeks left behind them, to the imperishable glory of their Land. By such propaganda Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, Dante, St. Francis, Cervantes, Spinoza, Montaigne, Racine, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Emerson, Lowell—a thousand and one more, have exalted their countries in the sight of all, and advanced the stature of mankind.

You may have noticed in life, Mr. Chairman, that when we assure others of our virtue and the extreme rectitude of our conduct we make on them but a sorry impression. If on the other hand we chance to perform some just act or kindness, of which they hear, or to produce a beautiful work which they can see, we become exalted in their estimation though we did not seek to be. And so it is with countries. They may proclaim their powers from the housetops—they will but convince the wind; but let their acts be just, their temper humane, the speech and writings of their peoples sober, the work of their thinkers and their artists true and

beautiful—and those countries shall be sought after and esteemed.

We, who possess in common the English language—"best result of the confusion of tongues" Lowell called it—that most superb instrument for the making of word-music, the telling of the truth, and the expression of the imagination, may well remember this: that, in the use we make of it, in the breadth, justice, and humanity of our thoughts, the vigour, restraint, clarity, and beauty of the setting we give to them, we have the greatest chance to make our countries lovely and beloved, to further the happiness of mankind, and to keep immortal the priceless comradeship between us.



## PROFESSOR MAURICE HUTTON

Mr. Root, members of the Academy, and guests: I have the great honor this evening to represent Canada at this meeting in honor of Lowell, and I will begin, therefore, by quoting Lowell and one other poet. Canada, after four and a half anxious years of war, greets today her allies, the United States and Great Britain,—like Homer's Andromache, "smiling through her tears," or, in the language of Lowell about Huldah,

"A kind o' smily round the lips,  
And teary round the lashes."

It is impossible to be present at a gathering of this sort without a certain sense of contradiction. We here, I take it, recognize, as the previous speakers have said, that Great Britain, Canada and the United States are so absolutely one in all their interests that to say so is not a truth but a truism. It is but to say what Lowell thought and it is but to say what was thought by that friend of Lowell, that other poet, the poet who Lowell said was in some respects *the* poet of the Nineteenth Century, the poet of Oxford, Arthur Hugh Clough. It is seventy years ago since Clough proposed that, which still remains on the whole a poet's dream, a transferable citizenship common to all Americans, Canadians and British, the sort of citizenship which Lowell exercised when he was Rector of the British University of St. Andrews. And yet there is a certain sense of contradiction, ladies and gentlemen, because, when we who feel this unity leave our universities and our academic banquets and go out into the cold street and meet the colder man in the street, we are aware at once of a sudden fall in temperature, spiritual as well as thermometric. We recognize that the academic class does not in this age represent, as much as sometimes it has done,

the governing class. And because it is so, and because we do not represent any longer the governing class so entirely, therefore, it was that your President, himself an ex-president of a university and sharing the academic feeling, found it so hard and long a task to bring the governing class of this country into sympathy with the feelings of the academic class and incidentally with the feelings of Canada and Great Britain. And, therefore, in Canada, for a time, we did not quite understand him, and we thought his mind was still moving in those college halls where all questions at issue are academic questions, are really questions where there is no difference except in opinion, where every man is an honorable man and a peace-loving man and a truth-loving man, and where, if one can talk of invective and attack, at any rate the invective and attack has always to be interpreted in a Pickwickian sense, where the love is always real and the hate is, so to speak, only Platonic.

We thought that the President was still moving in that enchanted air, where all controversies are, as they are in college halls, merely matters of misunderstanding and mistake, born of the brevity of life, of the greater brevity of human temper and the eternal ambiguities of language. And so we thought that he was feeling as often he must have felt in his college halls; that all tempests, even the tempests across the sea, were only tempests in a teapot; were only cases of pot and kettle, to put it more coarsely. For, after all, pot and kettle, of course, do affect vitally the qualities of tea, and are, one or the other of them, responsible for the spoiling of the contents of the teacup; and, besides, of course, historically, tea has always been a question at issue between Great Britain and the United States, and a teacup is really, therefore, the historical symbol of our differences. So we thought he was still feeling that the mighty cataclysm of Europe was only another case of academic teacup tempest, another case of academic pot and kettle controversy. We did not adequately realize that, like Lincoln, he was patiently

playing for time, in order to bring the governing classes of his country round to his own point of view.

Our three nations, when they do not absolutely agree, are always mediating one with another. Great Britain mediates between Canada and the United States, and not always to Canada's immediate satisfaction, when we lose, through Great Britain's mediation, "*quelques arpents de neige*" and certain stretches and leagues of salt water in Alaska and the Yukon. And Canada is always mediating between the United States and Great Britain, when, out of her abounding sympathy with American ways of thought, she interprets your thoughts to the statesmen of the old mother country. And the United States is always mediating between Canada and Great Britain, albeit unconsciously, unintentionally, involuntarily, when, by your very existence and your portentous strength, you suggest to Canadian statesmen that they would better come to terms with British statesmen and with British prejudices, even while they are, it may be, "in the way," lest a worse thing befall them.

We are no longer able to feel that the academic class is governing, but perhaps we could be a little nearer to making governments, if we were a little more vocal. It really is incredible, ladies and gentlemen, that there is not even in Germany somewhere some small class of decent homely people, like ourselves, and agreeing in our point of view. It is incredible that Professors Förster and Nicolai and Prince Lichtnowsky and the author of "*J'Accuse*" and Herr Fernau are the only people in Germany who sympathize with our point of view. And yet there was never a word throughout the long four years of war to show that that class exerted itself at all, took any steps at all to make itself felt upon the action and the ideas of the man in the street and the military class and the governing class. It seems as if it was an inexorable law of nature that academic people should have the defects of their qualities, and should be beyond measure timid, beyond reason indolent, academic, "*argoi*" as the Greeks

called it, even as our spiritual forefathers in Athens themselves were "argoi" and academic. And that is where the man we are celebrating can teach us some lessons.

There were two things remarkable in Lowell. Though he belonged to the academic class and was a professor in a university, he tried always to reach the governing class, he tried always to be "understood of the people." And there is another thing about him, more piquant, more interesting, more curious. Though he was wit and humorist, wit and humorist of first-rate excellence, he did not, like other wits and humorists, ridicule reformers and idealists, but, as your Chairman has told you and as Mr. Galsworthy has told you, he devoted his great resources of humor and of wit to the cause of reform and idealism; and, if not alone, almost alone among wits and humorists, he fought those forces of conservatism which have generally, for reasons not very obscure, included the humorist's irony and the satirist's wit.

Ladies and gentlemen, you will excuse me a reference to a very ancient authority. I spend my life with him and I can only speak out of the fullness of my heart. Plato has often photographed by casual anticipation the smaller and quainter ironies of our civilisation and Plato has an *obiter dictum* of this nature. Talking of a question which interests half, at least, of my audience, talking of the emancipation of women, of the opening to women of much greater opportunities of public usefulness and public service, he makes Socrates say to Glaucon something of this kind: "My superlative friend," says Socrates, "my superlative friend, let us ask these wits and humorists not to take today their usual line, not to ridicule and make fun of all this novel feminism we are discussing. Let us ask them not to make jokes forever about the ladies who wear uniforms and ride horseback"—as who should say, "drive motor cars and ride bicycles;"—"of course, they are very funny, passing funny, but so were our naked races very funny even to us some years ago, though

now we are familiar with them; and those naked races are still a scandal to all the barbarians" (and so they are still indeed today, ladies and gentlemen, in spite of Plato). "Let us ask them not to make fun of these novelties and of these new women, but to learn to believe and feel the truth that nothing is really ridiculous which is useful."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, there you see is the doctrine, ancient, simple, true, that wits and humorists are generally people of little faith, obsessed with usage and convention, who, when they look abroad for targets for their ridicule of the incongruous, choose, in nine cases out of ten, for such targets only the crude faith of the reformer, the zeal without discretion of the idealist. The humorist does not take himself seriously; he has a right then not to take other men seriously; and how can he take seriously those most serious moods of the mind, which are called Faith and Idealism? If, for example, he took conscience very seriously, the first result would be—as we have all seen with our humorous friends when they "get religion"—an immediate falling off of wit and humor; these would decrease as the other increased. It happened conspicuously to that great humorist Lewis Carroll, when he grew older and more sober and more serious: he exchanged the life-giving nonsense of "Alice" for the painful moralizings of "Sylvie and Bruno."

But if the wit and humor in a man do not decrease, ah! then they increase, and at the expense of Faith; Plato recognized this, that when a wit and humorist indulges this spirit constantly, when he launches his shafts of ridicule only at the foibles of faith, only at the reformers, when his ridicule and wit and satire are not guarded and suppressed by his faith, by his feelings or his conscience, or some other force of that kind, then such wit and ridicule will be ever increasing, and he will be ever turning with greater disgust from the flaws and follies of reformers, and ever with a keener gusto he will launch his shafts at demagogism, at hysteria, at sciolism, at all the grotesque fancy-dress in which faith and idealism are

apt to masquerade. And after that it is but a step to a warfare against all enthusiasm; that dubious quality, that debatable land, a reproach to our eighteenth century ancestors, a condition of all virtue to the nineteenth century—enthusiasm. The wit and humorist, the satirist and cynic, seem at last to have little definite to say except (after Talleyrand) “*surtout point de zèle.*” This is the temperament broadly of the humorist from Aristophanes down to Hookham Frere, his translator, down to Gibbon and Canning, down to the Saturday Reviewers; I think there was a touch of it in Hawthorne. But it was not the way of Lowell, as two of the speakers have reminded you. He devotes his talents, and his wit and humor, and his Biglow Papers, to the defense of the reformers and the idealists. Well, is there anybody like him?

In a gathering like this, I feel inclined to say that the very Princess of Humor, Miss Austen, perhaps seems at times to share this point of view, because she aimed all her wit and humor and satire at the conventionalists and conservatives; but perhaps she was, after all, no exception to the rule; because, after all, she knew nobody except conventionalists and conservatives; she never had a chance to meet radicals and idealists; and so she aimed her shafts only at the people she knew; and perhaps therefore was no real exception. I think of no other exception, unless it be Dickens, and, after all, he did not take types of character nor classes for his subjects. He rather sought to paint individual portraits and to caricature individuals. And so he hardly comes under the class of exceptions.

To return again to this question of the unity of the Anglo-Saxon or English-speaking races. What hope have we that this unity will be persistent and permanent? I suppose the same hope which was realized by Hellenism. Reference has already been made by the last speaker to Hellenism. The Greeks were not a conquering race. With a diminishing birth rate, with high standards of comfort, with a very pacifist

people, what sign had they of prevailing? And yet they prevailed, because as their pacifist essayist said, "Hellenism became not a sign of race at all, it became a sign only of a certain mind and atmosphere; it was no longer unity of race, it was unity of thought and of mind." And is not the same our hope? Do we not hope that, as Greece made Greeks of people who had no Greek in their blood, so our civilization is able to take into itself men who have nothing of Anglo-Saxon blood in them? Is it not so? Was not your President Roosevelt, for all his Dutch origin, as conspicuous a member of the English-speaking race as any man on the face of this earth? And Generals Botha and Smuts are the same. And, if these illustrations are rather absurd,—because, in any case, of course, the Dutch are our first cousins,—I will give you another. Was not the man whose body lies in state at Ottawa, prepared this evening for his funeral, was not Sir Wilfrid Laurier, English-speaking in mind, though the English word upon his lips was often French, more than English, in its accent or lack of accent? I think he was. And so with the great Burke, the greatest of all men sent to the British Parliament at Westminster, the greatest of all British publicists, with the possible exception of Bacon,—was not the great Burke also ultimately English-speaking in mind as well as tongue? Did not that slow-moving, temperate Anglo-Saxon temperament sober the tempests of his Celtic moodiness, and "the multitudinous seas" of his Irishry "incarnadine, making the green one red"?

Mr. Chairman, it appears to me essential to the peace of the world and to the permanence of the only League of Nations of which we are already sure, of the only League of Nations, which is already something more than your President's dream, that Anglo-Saxon unity should continue; and the link which holds together the chains of that Anglo-Saxon unity, the link itself and the substance of the chains which the link unites, are just the common national inheritance of humor and good humor, of justice and kindliness.

## MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS

MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY

It was with pleasure that I accepted the invitation to say a few words this evening, because it gives me occasion to pay a debt of gratitude. Fifty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at college, there fell into my hands by good fortune two volumes the influence of which abides with me yet. They were the "Essays in Criticism" of Matthew Arnold and "Among My Books" of James Russell Lowell. They revealed to me what criticism might be—a torch to illumine the pleasant path that leads to literature.

Arnold's essays were logical in structure, enlightening in critical theory and stimulating in their application of the canons of art; and with advancing years I hold them in ever higher esteem. But I was more immediately attracted to Lowell; and I delighted in the sanity of his judgment, the enthusiasm of his appreciation, the individuality of his expression and the coruscating brilliance of his wit. I enjoyed the brisk liveliness of his "Fable for Critics" and the pungency of the "Biglow Papers;" and I came in time to a richer understanding of his loftier lyrics and more especially his noble Commemoration odes, with their burning patriotism and their unforgettable characterization of Washington and Lincoln, in which we find the imagination and the elevation, the dignity and the certainty of a Greek inscription.

Less than a score of years later, when Lowell had become our minister to Great Britain, I had the pleasure of hearing him speak and of having speech with him; and thereafter I had as high an opinion of the man as I had earlier had of the critic and the poet. He was a gentleman and a scholar, in the good old phrase; but above all else he was a man, standing on his own feet, doing his own thinking, and ready always to bear his full share of the burden of life. He was a man who had become a citizen of the world without ceasing to be an



American of the strictest sect. He was a true cosmopolitan, because in Colonel Higginson's apt phrase, "he was at home—even in his own country."

He was healthy and robust, full-blooded and red-blooded, with no trace of dyspepsia and no taint of anemia. His genius was not a thing apart, "a pillared hermit of the brain"—to quote from his tribute to Agassiz. He boasted that he was a bookman; and—to borrow a figure from Dr. Holmes, he had "the easy feeling among books that a stable-boy has among horses." He could toil manfully, as a scholar must, for ten hours at a stretch and for weeks at a time; but he never allowed the dust of pedantry to stifle him. His love for nature, equal to his love for literature, kept him breathing the pure air of all outdoors.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that two of our foremost men of letters have been born on days memorable in our history. Hawthorne, in many aspects the most peculiarly American of our story-tellers, was born on the Fourth of July; and Lowell, with whom patriotism was a passion, was born on February twenty-second—a fit birthday for one who, as our representative to Great Britain, was to do all that in him lay to emphasize, as we are emphasizing to-night, the essential unity of all the English-speaking peoples.

In England men of letters have on occasion been called to the service of the state—Chaucer and Milton and Addison. Here in the United States we have followed the example of the Italian Republics, who sent Dante and Petrarch and Ariosto on missions of importance. Franklin was our first envoy to France; and later Irving was sent to Spain, Bancroft to Germany, and Motley to Austria. More recently three members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters have represented us in foreign parts—Thomas Nelson Page in Italy, Henry van Dyke in Holland and Brand Whitlock in Belgium. Thackeray called Irving "the first ambassador that the New World of letters sent to the Old;" and Irving humorously accounted for the cordiality of his reception in

England as due in part to the surprise of the British at seeing an American with a quill in his hand and not in his hair.

From Franklin's day to the present, the men of letters whom we have sent abroad have held it to be their foremost duty to make friends for their country in the land to which they were accredited, to remove all sources of misunderstanding, to do all in their power to further peace and good will. This was Lowell's aim, when he was transferred from Madrid to London. There was a pleasant piquancy in our sending to the British, the bard who rimed the stinging stanzas of "Jonathan to John;" but the choice was wise, if only because the British have ever a higher regard for a man who has stood up to them squarely. Lowell's Americanism was uncompromising, yet he never felt himself an alien in the little "isle set in the silver sea." Perhaps it was because he held himself to be a direct descendant of the Elizabethans that he was able to make himself so easily at home among the Victorians. He had good humor as well as humor; and his smile irradiated friendliness.

All the years Lowell was in England he kept the flag flying at the masthead, altho he frequently dipped his colors in the courtesy of a salute. The late Colonel Eustace Balfour, a son-in-law of the Duke of Argyle, told me that the family were always glad when Lowell visited Inverary, but that they had then to keep a guard on their tongues, lest an innocent allusion to America might abraid Lowell's susceptibility. He took the same stalwart attitude in all his many speeches, in his charming talks at the dinner-table as well as in his more deeply meditated addresses. At Birmingham he declared the virtues of Democracy, leaving the discussion of its vices until he returned home and told us the duty of the Independent in Politics.

At a dinner given thirty years ago by the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which Tennyson was President, to Lowell and to the other American men of letters who chanced to be in London that summer, in recognition of our efforts in

behalf of international copyright, he made one of the happiest of his speeches, as full of good will as it was of "good things." I recall the smile with which he said that he had been told often enough that we Americans were inclined to see only our side of any question and that we were apt to think we were always in the right. Then he added: "This certainly conduces to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have. I am sure I do not know where *we* got it. Do *you*?"

And at an earlier speech at Emmanuel College, the alma mater of John Harvard, he spoke of the community of blood between America and England, the community of institutions, and the community of language—"or shall I say the partial community of language. At any rate I must allow that, considering how long we have been divided from you, you speak English remarkably well." Possibly one or another of his hearers might have taken this as an instance of a certain condescension in a foreigner, were it not that the British never looked upon Lowell as a foreigner. Nor did he so regard himself, for he knew that we are all the children of Chaucer, the subjects of King Shakspeare, the co-heirs of Milton and Dryden. We might be separated by a thousand leagues of "the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea," we might be kept apart politically by allegiance to a different fatherland, but we were forever united in our possession of a common mother-tongue.

It is recorded that in the darkest days of the Revolutionary War, a perfervid patriot in the Continental Congress, moved that we renounce the use of the English language and adopt one of our own—whereupon Roger Sherman moved to amend that we retain the English language and compel the British to learn some other. If either of these impossible motions had been carried, and if either of them could have been put into effect, no one would have been more aggrieved than Lowell. He knew our noble tongue in its remoter historical recesses; and he was always glad when he could adduce evidence that

the thread out of which our homely Yankee speech is woven had been spun in Elizabethan England. He knew that our language was not a loan to us but an inheritance, and that ours was no younger brother's portion but, as the lawyers say, a whole and undivided half. Wherefore we must ever share the responsibility for keeping English fit for service, pure and vigorous and supple.

It was at a dinner given to the late Sir Henry Irving before the first of his many professional visits to the United States, that I heard Lowell assert that an after-dinner speech ought to contain an anecdote, a platitude and a quotation. I have ventured upon more than one anecdote; and I dare not hope that I have escaped uttering more than one platitude. But I have saved the quotation to the end. I take it from the verses which Emerson wrote just sixty years ago to be read at the dinner given to Lowell on his fortieth birthday:—

Man of marrow, man of mark,  
Virtue lodged in sinew stark;  
Rich supplies and never stinted,  
More behind at need is hinted.

. . . . .

Too well gifted to have found  
Yet his opulence's bound.

. . . . .

Logic, passion, cordial zeal,  
Such as bard and hero feel,  
—Strength for the hour—  
For the day sufficient power.

. . . . .

But if another temper come,  
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,

. . . . .

Then the pleasant bard will know  
To put his frolic mask behind him,  
Like an old summer cloak,  
And in sky-born mail to bind him,  
And singlehanded cope with Time,  
And parry—and deal the thunder-stroke.

## REPRESENTATION OF "DEAR BRUTUS"

FEBRUARY 21ST

On the evening of February 21st the Academy invited its foreign guests and others to a performance of "Dear Brutus" at the Empire Theatre, New York. The occasion was planned in honor of Mr. William Gillette, member of the American Academy, whose company was producing the play, and of its author, Sir James M. Barrie, member of the British Academy, who unfortunately found himself unable to accept the invitation to be present as a guest on this occasion.

After the presentation of the play, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson read the letter which follows, saying by way of preface:

"This letter from Sir James Barrie, which I have been asked to read, has additional significance from the fact that it is written from the Athenæum Club, the intellectual Gibraltar of England. This club, founded by Sir Walter Scott and some of his contemporaries, holds upon the list of its members virtually every distinguished English statesman, divine, author, artist, and composer—in fact, every great Englishman of the last hundred years. Mr. Lowell was a member ex-officio, and a welcome guest; and the only other Americans on its list of regular members have been three members of the Academy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Edwin A. Abbey and another, now the only American member, happily present here to-night, Mr. Brander Matthews. Mr. Kipling once wrote me that there was only one other honor to be ranked above membership in the Athenæum—to be made a peer of the realm! It is no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Barrie, writing in the atmosphere of England's greatness, should reveal, through all the playfulness of his style, his appreciation of the seriousness of this momentous hour, when his country and ours, in common with the rest of the civilized world, are struggling for an honorable unity on the lines of justice and permanent peace."

Writing to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the Lowell Commemoration, Mr. Barrie says:

THE ATHENÆUM, S. W.

January 23, 1919.

DEAR MR. MURRAY BUTLER:

If I were there on the 20th, to appear in public for the first and only time, I should be well content if the first and only speech of my life was on the passionate desire of my heart—a closer friendship between America and Britain.

I should probably make my speech from Lob's favorite position—beneath the table. Even then the front row only would hear me (and the others would be the lucky ones). I would have to say that I could not make a speech to a thousand people, but that if they would join me—one at a time, beneath the table, I would make a thousand speeches to them. I would tell them that the play of "Dear Brutus" is an allegory about a gentleman called John Bull who years and years ago missed the opportunity of his life (like Bacon when he did not write Shakespeare). The Mr. Dearth of the play is really John Bull—as Mr. Gillette cunningly indicates by his figure. Margaret, the Might Have Been, is really America. The play shows how on the fields of France this father and daughter get a second opportunity of coming together; and the nightingale is George Washington asking them to do it on his birthday. Are the two now to make it up permanently, or for ever to drift apart? Second chances come to few, and as for a third chance, whoever heard of it? It is now or never. If it is now, something will have been accomplished greater than the war itself: democracy will have sown its noblest seed, the fruit whereof America was created to give forth, that every child born into the world should have an equal chance. The future of mankind is listening for our decision; if we cannot rise to the second chance, ours will be the blame, but the sorrow will be posterity's. We shall have to say sadly enough:

"The fault, dear Jonathan, is not in our stars

But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

J. M. BARRIE.

Mr. Gillette, responding to a curtain call, spoke as follows:

The inadequacy of anything that could possibly be said to an audience of this character and under circumstances of this description is so hideous that it borders on the alluring.

When I received orders to come out and say a few words (I am not doing it of my own free will—thank God!) or perhaps I had better say, when the constituted authorities suggested that it would be wise for me to do this, I very well knew that something extraordinary—of one kind or

another—must, if possible, be accomplished. My first idea was to address you in Latin rather than make use of so commonplace a medium as the English language; but when I asked Mr. Augustus Thomas what he thought of this, he said: “No, don’t do that—some of them might understand what you said!” This appeared to be good advice, and so, contrary to my custom with Mr. Thomas, I took it. In the same way one brilliant idea after another was discarded, until finally I found myself with nothing left to do or to talk about but the painfully obvious.

But even though it is obvious I welcome the opportunity of placing it on record in so many words that every one of us who is concerned in the presentation of Mr. Barrie’s delightful comedy feels and appreciates the reflected compliment of the Academy’s choice for this evening. For, although that choice was certainly based on the play itself, it quite necessarily drags us in along with it, thus giving us the chance to profit thereby as best we can.

Indeed, we are in a position to go still further and feel the reflected honor and satisfaction of being thus made to play a part—a very small part, it is true, but in this case a very small part is a very great one—in the centenary celebration of the birth of James Russell Lowell.

At this stage of the world’s progress (as it is called), when it is becoming more and more evident to those who can see that humanity is rapidly approaching the condition where it will have very little of value left to it but its memories, to be associated—even to this very modest degree—with the celebration of one of the most delightful of these memories is a privilege indeed.





## LITERARY EXERCISES AT THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

WILLIAM M. SLOANE

CHANCELLOR OF THE ACADEMY

The Centenary of Mr. Lowell's birth was further celebrated on the morning of the 22d of February by literary exercises under the chairmanship of Professor William Milligan Sloane, Chancellor of the Academy, who said:

Ladies and gentlemen, guests of the Academy, and in particular kinsmen from beyond the border, whether it be beyond the seas or to our North, you are very welcome here. The venerated President of the Academy, Mr. William Dean Howells, will never be venerable, for, according to the Greek proverb, "Whom the Gods love stay young until they die." He has sent a letter in which he expresses the most profound regret that he cannot leave the South, where he is at present, far away, and show his appreciation on this occasion. He adds that on almost every page written by him he has felt his indebtedness to Mr. Lowell, and that, out of the fulness of his heart, he has written again and again, so that, in case he could have been here, with all his modesty he says it, he would have had nothing to say which he has not already said.

The collective person or personage which we call a nation is supposed for the most part to be destitute of emotion, and indeed the business of the state and the nation is the material prosperity, in the first place, of those who compose it; but, for all that, it does have emotions. These emotions appear best

in times of strain and stress. The union of hearts shows itself in the hour of danger. Now, the common adventure of the English-speaking people has brought us to one of those moments where feeling comes to the surface. In the surge and skimming has been revealed to himself the rare gold of the Anglo-Saxon. We have always been one in tradition, we have been one in common institutions, above all else we have been one in our glorious common speech, but for the first time we have been one, absolutely one, in action. Not but that we Americans can recall many instances where in our early history we owed the perpetuation of our liberties to the intervention of the mother country, not but that often in recent times there have been exhibitions of the most charming friendship, but the moment in which we are living marks the sublime consummation of our heart's desire.

In every instant of our history there have been prophets and seers who knew what was in the womb of time and what were the things to come, but they met with profound discouragements. We revere the memories of such men. Their task was hard, but their vision was never dimmed, and their courage was never daunted. They were pioneers; they hewed the path straight onward, but they knew enough to look backward for direction and guidance and inspiration from the people who for centuries had used the English language.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, of all historical sources, the least tainted by pretense and the freest from insincerity are literature and art, the fine arts. In our Academy and Institute artists and writers have discovered in that fact the bond of their union, a bond of the strongest kind. The writers, of course, are not concerned alone with content, they are likewise concerned with form, and it is their business, one of the affairs of our Academy, one of its chiefest concerns, to preserve and cherish our English speech as an heritage beyond price, a tongue which is to be kept, not only vigorous in its history and in its forms of expression, but pure in what it expresses. To men like-minded with ourselves we look for

help and encouragement, wherever such men are throughout the earth. Because we have noted the gallantry of your writers and painters, your wielders of brush and pen, during the four years of battle for all that makes our lives worth while, battle for what we cherish above all things, because of that, we wanted to see you, to see these friends of ours face to face, to look them in the eye. They do us good. They have done us good; because, long before we entered the fight of the allies, we scanned the picture and the page from all British dominions to grasp the true elemental causes of this warfare, and, as we discerned them, perhaps none too quickly, and felt that the same insult was being put upon us as had been put upon them, and that this was no sordid quarrel for petty trade rights, but that it was an enormous struggle for the preservation of a type of civilization unknown along the banks of the Rhine and eastward, our souls were moved within us and we could no longer stand idle. The sun of our civilization may have been obscured by the dim clouds of warfare and strife, but it has not been, in even the slightest degree, eclipsed, and we want our friends to join with us in emphasizing to themselves, as we do to ourselves, the fact that this epoch is indeed the most memorable in all modern history because it brings together these united forces in action and in temper for the preservation of that civilization which, in the long run, however dark the way may appear to some of us, is going to illuminate the world.

This anniversary—I want to say this particularly to Mr. Noyes, who has claimed him for the mother country—this anniversary marks the birth of that colonial American, who, in the opinion of the wisest men of his day and since, really saved the liberties of the British nation against the onslaughts of a German king. We do not begrudge you such share as you had in him, but, after all, George Washington and what he stood for saved the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race.

This is also the anniversary of the birth of an American statesman, a man of letters, who did the best that in him lay

to promote amity and concord between the America of Abraham Lincoln and the Britain of Queen Victoria. Mr. Lowell was a man of far sight. Others will refer, as reference has already been made, to many of his most extraordinary qualities, but at the outset I want to call your attention to one fact. There is at Stratford a memorial fountain, the gift of an American. In dedicating that fountain, Mr. Lowell brought to the fore something that I wish to commend to this audience, and to our friends outside of it. He brought to the fore that which is elusive and which we do not always grasp. I have been extremely interested in the later French literature to see what emphasis is put upon the same thing. The world for the most part, when it is cursed, is cursed by the misrule of pure reason and hard logic; we and ours have been tortured by the arrogant self-assertion of a rationalistic culture. When the world is blessed, it is for the most part blessed by qualities quite different. Since Mr. Lowell's death, what have we seen? That hard, cold, realistic, logical philosophy driven home to its very bitter conclusion, and then brought forward by force upon an unwilling world.

What makes this world fit to live in—historians know it now as they never knew it before—are the bonds of instinct, of sentiment and of charm. They have been the controlling forces. If there is to be peace on earth, these are the things that will lead to it and establish it on a firm foundation. I borrow an idea already better expressed by Lowell than I could hope to do. And in borrowing I trust we may all assimilate it. In order to control insight and sympathy and charm, we must keep our collective lives, historical and spiritual, up to the level of what our joint policy has always been, and lift our ideals much higher if we can. We must make it the joy of the English-speaking company of nations to reach those things which appeal to the very depths of their beings.

That is one of our ideals in the Academy. We feel that no greater contribution could be made to the earthly millen-

nium, for which we are waiting long, and we welcome you all as fellow workers in such a cause.

I have the honor and the pleasure to introduce a speaker whose name is known wherever men cherish such contributions to literature as Americans have been able to make. In his charming book of Sorbonne lectures he has been for long years the intermediary between the French people and the Anglo-Saxon people, to such an extent as none other known to me—Mr. Barrett Wendell.

## MR. BARRETT WENDELL

MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY

When Robert Browning died, Mr. Lowell, then seventy years old, was asked whether he would send a few memorial words about him to a literary magazine conducted by Harvard students. His answer was characteristic—at once quizzical and serious: nothing would have pleased him more if he had had the strength and the courage for the evidently needful task of reading the works of Browning through again, to begin with. The students who received this word were a little perplexed; but remembering Mr. Lowell as a college teacher, I could almost see the urbanely teasing look and hear the suavely equivocal voice with which he might have spoken it. His gravest moods, and they were frequent, would not have been quite his if there had not bubbled near the surface of them some sparkle of effervescent fun; his most volatile outbreaks of wit or humor or nonsense often wafted you to the edge of the shadows. The Chiron-like abundance of his intermingled moustache and beard, which at first looked like an innocently fantastic affectation, took another aspect when you reflected that nothing could more effectually have protected lips perhaps irrepressible in their tendency to twitch or to quiver. There was never more conscientious critic than he; yet while studiously judging a new edition of Shakespere, he was capable of such an *obiter dictum* as this: "To every commentator who has wantonly tampered with the text, or obscured it with his inky cloud of paraphrase, we feel inclined to apply the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, king of Sparta." It was President Felton, they say, who first discovered this obscure name to reveal itself as Eudamidas.

Whatever else, those who have known even slightly such a man, as he lived and moved in the New England which bred him, can hardly realize that he is not actually alive; and that

in a few years more he must become a thing no longer of memory but only of record. He would have completed his century, though, this Washington's birthday. Not only he but the world he knew—Victorian they call it nowadays—is a matter of the irrevocable past; and we thinning few whose pious gratitude still keeps the blood to give their filmy and vaporous shades some little semblance of renewed solidity must do our Odyssean task soon. That is why I have tremulously felt imperative an unexpected call to say what I can in memory of one whose presence can never quite fade so long as any who knew it cast their shadows in the sunshine.

For them, or I may better say for us, his copious publications can never seem quite complete. His collected works make an impressive series of volumes, prose and verse, poems and essays. Every line in them is sincerely his own. His style, however, even though we freely grant that throughout letters the style is the man, is not quite the whole of him, nor indeed perhaps altogether the best. As you turn his pages, you can hardly avoid the impression that here is one who, whenever he took up his pen, could not help feeling literate. In this there is no tinge of affectation. All his life, he truly loved literature. His passion, however, was not quite elementary. He was almost always aware of it, somewhat as a courtly lover of troubadour times was always aware of the perfections of his mistress. To forget them, even for a little while, would have been to lapse from the happy duty of affectionate reverence, not quite to keep purely ideal a sentiment which any touch of crude reality might begin to vulgarize. Loyalty itself forbade that he should ever treat his love ungenerously; and Lowell was loyalty itself. There was a touch of confession, accordingly, or at least of unwitting self-revelation, in something which he used now and then to tell his pupils—I am not sure whether he ever wrote it down: "Americans," he would say, "have no vernacular."

When we stop to think, we can hardly fail to see what he meant. Language is the material in which men embody

thought and feeling, or the instrument, if you prefer, which makes every one of us, each in his little way, fleetingly a creator. There are men and peoples so fortunate as habitually to work with this material, or to use this instrument, easily and instinctively; give them thoughts and words, and they will presently give them fits. Less lucky folks must frequently be plagued by wondering whether their words fit their thoughts quite so well as they might, or as they ought to. The moment this question arises, no matter how deft a craftsman you may be, you cannot help knowing what you are about. Once aware of this, you may give your work many and various merits; it cannot quite preserve, however, the charm of unthinking ease. Those who possess a vernacular know what they are saying, those who lack one know how they are saying it—and such knowledge leaves indefinable but unmistakable traces. You will find them throughout the English of Americans—even in their talk, or in their correspondence, and still more in the careful revision of their literature. We may say things and write things almost excellently; we hardly ever do so quite unconsciously. And as one turns the pages of Lowell's Works one inclines to think that he never did, from beginning to end.

At the same time, there can be no sort of doubt that he was a consummate master of language. You can feel this in almost every line that he published; you can feel it in his familiar letters, however grave or gay, or paradoxical; you felt it in his talk as a teacher; and some of those who knew him best have said that you could feel it most in his intimate talk as a man—particularly when almost anybody else might have found language to fail in the matter of expletive. Like the master he was, too, he enjoyed playing with the refractory thing which he had mastered; he could translate into current slang, and seemingly off-hand, some string of epithets from Rabelais; he could bring you to pause, the next moment, by some shrewd bit of wisdom such as has made almost four centuries of readers wonder what Rabelais meant; he could be grave to the point



of solemnity, and tender to the verge—if not sometimes over the verge—of sentimentality. He could play with words incomparably; at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, where he happened to touch on Virgil, he is said to have declared that he had never opened the *Bucolics* without feeling “Tityre tu.” And in the academic oration which he delivered on the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, he made the most unexpected of quotations: “The founders of the College,” he said, “believed with the old poet that whipping was a ‘wild benefit of nature,’ and could they have read Wordsworth’s exquisite stanza:

‘One impulse from a vernal wood  
Can teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can,’

they would have struck out ‘vernal’ and inserted ‘birchen’ in the margin.” The wonder of this, perhaps, can never be fully felt except by those who heard him read the lines; he somehow managed, with no evident trick, to get the full swish of a pedagogic rod into the word “impulse.”

To imagine, however, that this joyous jugglery was a bit final with him would be not to understand him. His definition of a university, in that same oration, sounds paradoxical: “A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is possible only where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanskrit roots.” Really, however, he was deeply and beautifully serious. His gloss on this text is too long to read now; but here is a memorable passage from it: “Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in their traditional pre-eminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is

heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by measure and symmetry." His use of the word "measure," in just this place, harks back to Dante; "misura,"—literally to be translated as "measure," or as "order,"—was in troubadour times the technical term for a virtue which Dante held essential in life as well as in letters; and I remember how Mr. Lowell dwelt in his class-room on the lines where Dante tells the shade of Jacopo Rusticucci what has befallen the city from which both were exiled—one for life, the other for eternity:

"La gente nuova e i subiti guadagni  
Orgoglio e dismisura han generata,  
Fiorenza, in te."

"The self-made people with their ready wealth  
Pride and disdain of order have begot,  
Florence, in thee."

We happened to be reading that passage toward the end of President Grant's administration. Lowell at least implied that it was ominously applicable to the country which he loved with all his heart. "Dismisura"—lack of measure, disdain of order, neglect of true values—is among the vilest of evils and the most insidious. There is no need to remind ourselves that Lowell was all his life an ardent reformer; our danger is rather that we may forget that he was as eager to preserve what is good as to destroy what is evil. Nothing could have been much more remote from his literal political principles than the conception of the Holy Roman Empire, so passionately set forth by Dante; yet Dante himself, whom Lowell cherished beyond all other poets, could not have believed more fervently than he that final righteousness must give everything its due—that the essence of damnation may be found in the words:

"Che senza speme vivemmo in disio;"

"Hopeless we live in longing;"

that the essence of purgation may be found in penitent sufferings,

“Dove poter peccar non è più nostro;”

“Wherein the power to sin is ours no more;”

and that the essence of salvation lies in eternally miraculous submission to those marvellous words of the Lord’s Prayer, “Thy will be done.” The will of God, like the peace of God, passeth all understanding; at least, however, we can discern that, even as revealed by the course of earthly things,—Nature, Fate, whatever you choose,—it inexorably denies that better is the same as worse, evil as good, chaos as order; and those who unflinchingly seek its earthly semblance, may come even in life to know that

“In la Sua voluntade è nostra pace;”

“In His will is our peace.”

If I have seemed for a little while to stray, it is only because those three lines of the Divine Comedy have stayed with me since I first began to feel their meaning in Mr. Lowell’s class-room, more than forty years ago. “Dante,” he once said, “will never lead you wrong.” From Dante and from Lowell’s teaching alike one learned to believe that even though duty bid us condemn and extirpate whatever is ignoble, it equally bids us sustain and improve whatever is good. The spirit of true reform, no matter what shape it takes, is not destructive; the task of true reformers is rather an incessantly nobler reshaping of that which, still and forever imperfect, is happily already ours.

Among the things most surely ours must always and everywhere be our heritage. That of the Lowells happens to be peculiarly American. Before 1640, Percival Lowell, an elderly man of some comparative fortune and condition, came from Somersetshire to Newbury, in Massachusetts, where he survived to advanced age. With him came a son,

about forty years old, and a grandson of ten. The son died at the age of fifty-two. The grandson lived to marry three times and to beget nineteen children, dying in apparently reduced circumstances. His fifteenth son, born in Boston in 1675, lived only until 1711; and the fact that he is not mentioned in Sewall's Diary implies that he was inconspicuous. If so, it amounts to a personal distinction; for it has not been the case with any of his descendants since the reign of Queen Anne. In 1721 his son, John Lowell, then eighteen years old, took his degree at Harvard College, and five years later he was ordained pastor of the First Church of Newburyport, where he passed the rest of his life. His son John, who took his degree in 1760, became a lawyer, was active in politics, removed to Boston, was appointed Judge of the United States District Court in Massachusetts by Washington, and if John Adams's "midnight judges" had held their offices would have died Chief Justice of the Circuit Court. He married three times; by each marriage he had one son; a great-grandson of the eldest is the present president of Harvard College; the second is remembered as the founder of the factory system in what has long been the city of Lowell, Massachusetts; the third, Charles, who took his degree in 1800, became pastor of the West Church in Boston. James Russell Lowell was the youngest of this reverend gentleman's six children. By his time, the condition of the family was such that when, in 1877, a Bostonian who happened to be in London was asked whether he knew Mr. Lowell, he artlessly answered "Which?" There were at least five other descendants of the first Judge Lowell—one of them himself on the United States bench—who, from a local point of view, might equally well have been so denominated. And there have been at least as many more since—including a third Federal Judge.

Such facts as these we conventionally hold trivial. Duly considered, however, they are important. It needs little reflection to perceive that nothing could more clearly define what Lowell was. In the first place, this family record proves

him to have come from a stock which for two centuries has displayed exceptional power of working hard and well without the stimulus of social adversity—itsself, when one stops to think, an implicit evidence of weakness. In the second place, though he would now have been a hundred years old, he was already in the eighth American generation. The first two were English-born, and born under Queen Elizabeth; but they deliberately chose to cast their lot in America, and to die here. The third, though English-born—like Samuel Sewall himself, the most typical of Yankee diarists—had only American experience. The next four, three of them graduates of Harvard College, knew life only as life presents itself to those who have completely lost all personal traditions foreign to our own country. For better or worse, they were wholly American, and nothing else; their relation with the old world was only a matter of history—like that of Englishmen to the regions inhabited by Anglo-Saxon or Norman ancestors a thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. Such native quality is really a matter of human memory; nobody can ever be quite native anywhere, so long as anybody remembers where else he came from; when a stock knows its alien origin only by tradition, and only then—no matter how staunch its loyalty,—it becomes incontestably native. One traditional phase of Yankee nativity, a certain pretense to disdain of other than Yankee conditions, lurked in an offhand pleasantry of Lowell's before one of his classes. He happened to touch on the German legend of the Swan Maidens, and, unconsciously prophetic, told how some Teutonic gentlemen, riding near a pond, observed pretty girls bathing there, "and with the knightly courtesy of the olden time, stole their clothes."

In Lowell, however, there was dormant another than this completely native strain. His mother's father, who lived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was born in Orkney; and so was her maternal grandfather, who held office under the last royal governor of New Hampshire, and left America with other loyalists at the time of the Revolution. The wife of

this gentleman, however, passed her last days at Portsmouth; her father was among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She nevertheless stayed as loyal to the olden time as her husband was; and Lowell liked to tell how all her life she kept the Fourth of July, with closed blinds, as a day of mourning. Loyalties, even though extinct, are reverend; or what would become of Walter Scott? Through the Cutts family, besides, this lady traced some manner of kinship with that childless early New Hampshire worthy, Francis Champernowne, of Dartington,—himself a kinsman of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh. Lowell, I think, never alluded to this; but if he ever knew it he can hardly have forgotten it. Here was a link of his own with giant forefathers of our Western world.

The Cambridge house where he was born, too, where he mostly lived and where he died was—and remains—an ideal nursery of tradition. Built by an eminent officer of the Crown, confiscated by the Revolution, for some years the home of Elbridge Gerry, who died Madison's Vice-President of the United States well before Lowell's father bought it, nothing can be more admirably New English. Its simplicity, and the delicacy of its proportions and of its detail, mark it as what we now call "Colonial" American. Except for Georgian England, nevertheless, it could no more have existed than the pediments and colonnades of Renaissance architecture could have come into being except for the temples of Greece. You can hardly see it, and you surely cannot enter it, without a haunting sense both of how our independent nation originated and of the days when America and the Mother Country were still at one. This atmosphere, which surrounded him all his life, he not only imbibed but enriched. The books of his overflowing library seemed to belong there as nowhere else. Though nothing less than all literature was his province, the region of literature most instantly his own was English; and the literature he made has its due place in that of which the four great Masters are Chaucer, and Spenser, and Shakespere

and Milton—common possessions of all English-speaking mankind. Loyalty to ourselves even now demands, and must forever demand, loyalty to them. His never wavered. He was never more himself than when a student found him one evening, before his wood-fire, his book-shelves in dim background, with a big folio on his knee from which he presently kept on reading aloud. It chanced to be open at some passage from the Apocrypha, not itself supremely memorable. As Lowell read the words, though, they seemed supremely to assert the supreme beauty of surge and cadence unconsciously achieved by that marvellous generation of nameless masters who gave us the English Bible. Some echo of this appears always to have haunted him. When he wrote of Dryden "I have long thought that he was the last great writer of . . . English prose," he gave less than the fundamental reason for his opinion. He was right in saying that before 1700 "the language had not yet been sophisticated by writing for the press" and that Dryden "wrote as a gentleman rather than as an author." A deeper secret still, however, of the charm he felt lies in the fact that even though Dryden was almost the first to show what Gallicized niceties could do with English prose, he was also among the last to preserve instinctive sense of that grandeur which pervades the prose rhythm of English from the time when it came into existence until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. The splendor of this rhythm Lowell could never quite forget. You can hardly feel the full quality of his own style until you understand that it bears to Dryden's, and to that of Englishmen who wrote earlier, some such relation as is borne by Virgilian graces to "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

Now and again, inconspicuous passages reveal more of a poet's meaning than you may find in those which appear more memorable and more beautiful. Four lines from Lowell's Ode read at Concord on the 19th of April, 1875, the Centenary of the first shedding of blood in the American Revolution, excellently summarize how, at the age of fifty-six, the tradi-

tions of his heritage had made him regard that fatal disunion of British Empire:

“Here English law and English thought  
 ’Gainst the self-will of England fought;  
 And here were men (coequal with their fate)  
 Who did great things, unconscious they were great.”

These words, if I am not all astray, set forth true American loyalty; yet this loyalty would not be itself were it not New English too, and as New English, sprung from the thought and the law and the literature ancestral alike to Old England and to New.

By that time he seemed a robust elderly man of letters who had virtually done his work but might live on for many quiet years with his college classes and in his library, now and then writing poems and essays more sure of admiration than of perusal. Though except for occasional epigrams in the Biglow Papers he had never been widely popular, his faithfulness to his literary vocation had brought its reward. So far as anything in New England can be regarded as classic, both his poems and his essays had won this dignity. He had never showed much narrative power—the quality which most instantly attracts readers; but his criticism had been cordially recognized abroad, refreshing and reviving English interest in the boundless treasures of English literature. Oxford had conferred on him her D.C.L., and Cambridge her LL.D. One carelessly thought of him as to some extent an international personage, forgetting if ever aware that until he was well past thirty years old he had hardly strayed further from our Massachusetts Cambridge than the Maine Woods or the City of Washington. His concern with public affairs had been only as a fearlessly sincere critic. From his Anti-Slavery days and his Yankee dialect rhymes which remain the most nearly enduring of American political satires to his occasionally perfervid political essays in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review* and to the solemn dignity of his Commemoration



Ode, he had never hesitated to tell what he believed the truth about the course and the tendencies of our United States of America. He had never been called on, though, to bear much if any public responsibility, and his social relations, both at home and in Europe, extended little beyond the company of his fellow-craftsmen in the art of letters. Those who knew him could not help liking him, partly for his irrepressible fun, always animating moods which otherwise might have got over-serious or over-sentimental. On the whole, however, it sometimes seemed rather a wonder that both Cambridge, the mother of Harvard, and Oxford, the mother of Cambridge, had been roused to recognize his achievement by robing him in academic scarlet. This kindly tribute of England to the merit of New England appeared worthily to complete an honest and honorable literary career.

The next year, his public career began. At the age of fifty-seven he was sent as a delegate to the convention which nominated a Republican candidate for the presidency. Though the candidate chosen was other than he would have preferred, he loyally accepted the decision of the convention, and when, after the closest and perhaps the most perilous political contest in American history, President Hayes was inaugurated, Lowell was before long appointed Minister to Spain. There he remained for between two and three years, constantly confronted with duties both professional and personal, both responsible and social, for which his fitness had never before been tested, and constantly proving himself to possess not only adequate but exceptional practical ability. For two hundred years the Lowells have had a way of *doing* wherever they have happened to be; and he was not a Lowell for nothing. By themselves those years in Spain would have assured him a new kind of eminence, perhaps modest but unquestionably distinct. They were not suffered to stay by themselves. Just about thirty-nine years ago—that is, just about his sixty-first birthday—he was transferred from the comparatively secondary Spanish mission to the office which

the circumstances of our history have made and kept the most important in our diplomatic service, the mission to England. In England, for the next five years, his position was far more conspicuous than it had ever been anywhere before, or than it ever was at home.

There, in full light, such as gleams through that window, above the dim entrance to the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, which consecrates his memory at the most holy shrine of English and English-speaking tradition, England and America could at last see him as he was. Part of what made him so was that, for all the self-consciousness inseparable from Yankee heritage, he was too wise to take himself too seriously; for want of habitual valets, perhaps, he was no hero in his own mind. "I was listening," he wrote thirty years ago, on the day after a dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday,—“I was listening to my own praises for two hours last night, and have hardly got used to the discovery of how great a man I am.” If he had ever got used to it, he could hardly have been so gladly remembered as we remember him now wherever our language is spoken. He would not have been himself if he had not been saturated with the traditions native to that New England which through most of his lifetime still remained one of the two most indelibly native regions in our United States. He could not have been so saturated if there had not adhered to his shoulder a few such chips as he whittled when he discoursed “On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners;” nor yet if the quintessence of our nativity had not been distilled into such lines as:

“O strange New World, that yit wast never young,  
Whose youth from thee by gripin’ need was wrung,  
Brown foundlin’ of the woods, whose baby-bed  
Was prowled roun’ by the Injuns’ cracklin’ tread,  
An’ who grew’st strong thru shifts an’ wants an’ pains,  
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,  
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain  
With each hard hand a vassal ocean’s mane,

Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events  
 To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,  
 Thou, taught by fate to know Jehovah's plan  
 That men's devices can't unmake a man,  
 An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in  
 Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—  
 The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay  
 In fearful haste thy murdered corse away."

There was never plainer speech to England than he uttered in the letter preliminary to the Biglow Paper where this passage occurs, and in the more generally remembered verse with which the Paper ends:

"The South says '*Poor folks down!*' John,  
 An' '*All men up!*' say we,—  
 White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:  
 Now which is your idee?  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess  
 John preaches wal,' sez he:  
 'But, sermon thru, and come to *du*,  
 Why, there's the old J. B.  
 A crowdin' you and me!'

. . . . .  
 "God means to make this land, John,  
 Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
 Believe an' understand, John,  
 The *wutb* o' bein' free.  
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess  
 God's price is high,' sez he;  
 'But nothin' else than wut He sells  
 Wears long, an' thet J. B.  
 May larn, like you an' me'."

Yet England welcomed him. Ancestrally he was hers, just as truly as he was ours; and he kept, beyond most of us, the full sturdiness of ancestral English fibre. Our national heart-strings have sometimes got a little unstrung; they have been apt to growl or to complain before Æolian blasts of plain-speaking. It was not so with him. For all his Americanism, the heart of him stayed stoutly in tune with the brave old

heart of England as it has throbbed through the ages. He could give strong blows without malice, and take them unresenting. He would not have been himself if his temper had not rung true as steel. That vibrant note is not only American; it is English, too. Once they can hear it amid the troublous discords of any passing time, Englishmen and Americans alike must wonderingly feel how it can ultimately resolve discord into harmony.

A little while ago I recalled how, so lately as 1877, a Bostonian, asked in London whether he knew Mr. Lowell, honestly answered "Which?" Five years later, there could have been no such doubt; and such a doubt can hardly occur again. The sturdy virtue of the native stock he sprang from will long be remembered in New England; alone of its scions, though, he chanced to prove its virtue before the eyes of the whole English-speaking world. The window which commemorates him at Westminster Abbey is a tribute not to his kinsmen or to his countrymen but to him, as he faithfully embodied kinsmen, and countrymen and kinship—a little more than kin even though less than kind. It is a tribute, no doubt, like the earlier tributes of Oxford and of Cambridge, to the man of letters who so loved the secular literature of our English language that he has incalculably helped others to love it too. It is a tribute, as well, to the public man, fearlessly loyal not only to country and to duty, but also to that highest of all ideals, *Veritas* (Truth), which has dwelt in the hearts of Harvard men ever since their College shield was adopted, when Charles the First was King. Most of all, however, that window is a tribute to the man himself, still chief among the growing and goodly fellowship of those whose happy lot has been to serve America and England alike as international friends and interpreters.

Already, perhaps, the relentless years begin to make him seem a thing of the past. Just now, to go no further, the spirit of reform seems at least for the while recklessly impatient of such balancing sense of tradition as kept him, a life-

long reformer, loyal to that which is precious in the past; the spirit of letters seems vulgarized, sensualized, brutalized; the spirit of democracy no longer seems quite consonant with that of freedom; and American nationality seems to have forgotten that there has ever been or that there can ever be such a thing as traditional American nativity. America, we are told incessantly and everywhere, must come to be something else than America has been. So it must, for better or for worse, in almost all aspects but one. In one, and not the least important, however, it may grow to be more like ancestral New England than may now seem quite imaginable. At this moment, few of our countrymen find themselves living where their fathers lived before them; and millions are either foreign by birth or at farthest the own children of foreigners. Here the generations and the centuries must slowly but surely do their work. In a hundred years more, there will be countless multitudes, all the way from sea to sea, who shall have known no other home than that where their native eyes opened, and to whom tales of the lands or of the regions whence their fathers came shall mean hardly more than is meant to any modern by the glory that was Greece or the grandeur that was Rome. When this time comes, Americans, no matter what their origin, must inevitably find themselves in one respect akin to Lowell as few can be yet; for both in the flesh and in the spirit they will never have known any native country but their own, which is ours. That country will be English-speaking, and thus, like ourselves, imbued with old English tradition. What its people will be like we cannot tell, nor live to know. There is room, though, for faith that the new native America shall prove in a thousand ways its American fellowship with the old. If so, there is ground for hope that the native New England of the past has fulfilled a mission now unsuspected, foretelling and foreshadowing the native America of the future.

"It is possible," wrote Cotton Mather, "that our Lord Jesus Christ carried some thousands of Reformers into the

retirements of an American desert, on purpose that, with an opportunity granted unto many of his faithful servants to enjoy the precious *liberty* of their Ministry, though in the midst of many temptations all their days, He might there, *to them first, and then by them*, give a specimen of many good things which He would have His Churches elsewhere aspire and arise unto; and *this* being done, He knows whether there be not *all done*, that New England was planted for; and whether the Plantation may not, soon after this, come to nothing." Lowell, I think, never quite gave Cotton Mather his due; and surely would no more have subscribed than we to the literal doctrine here set forth. Yet the spirit of that doctrine is living still, and not least because Lowell was among those who cherished it. Creeds are temporal things; but the truth they strive to imprison in words is eternal. The Churches of Mather's time are dead and gone; so, in many aspects, is the traditional Democracy of New England on which Lowell based hope for constant betterment of earthly existence. New England herself no longer looms large in the perspective of American nationality; before long she may sink beyond the scope of any but retrospective sight. Whether or no, so long as the changing old order still yields place to new, instead of to chaos, we may humbly believe that the many ways in which God shall fulfil Himself will stay multitudinously and inexhaustibly incorrupt. All He demands is unswerving faith in the truth of righteousness.

Unless I am all wrong, those of us who years ago absorbed the spirit of Lowell's teaching can never quite lose this abiding faith, ancestral to England, ancestral to New England, and glowing now beneath the crust material of life both in our Mother Country and among our American selves. If so, even though he might not have acknowledged the letter of his teaching in such form as it has assumed with me after the glossing experience of more than forty years, I can hardly doubt that he would have recognized its spirit. Since New England was founded, England has had two Civil Wars;

and so has America. The Civil War of the Seventeenth Century was purely English; and long ago the discords of Cavaliers and Roundheads have been forgotten in the renewed spiritual kinship which reverences the loyalty both of Charles asserting the rights of Englishmen and of Cromwell asserting the might of England. The Civil War of the Nineteenth Century was purely American; and already it begins to be forgotten in the spiritual kinship which gladly counts among the heroes of our country both Lincoln and Lee. The Civil War of the Eighteenth Century was common to England and America; and by calling it a Revolution we have disguised to this day the fact that it hardly disturbed, even among ourselves, the diuturnity of our Common Law. Truly, however, this law, like the language in which it speaks and the literature which makes that language deathless, stays common to England and to America alike; so, for all their persistent or recurrent discords, nothing can destroy the spiritual kinship of England and America until our living tongue shall have stiffened into the marble rigidity of classic changelessness. Therefore, as at last we are beginning to know and to feel, we can both be our own best selves only when we strive towards truth and righteousness not apart but together. So even already, for such as will believe, Lowell is the prophet of a peace which, God willing, shall pass all understanding.

And yet, so long as any of us who knew him linger living, whether across seas or here, this can never be quite the whole story. Rather our last thought, like our first, must be of the man himself, as he lived and moved and had his being. Nothing can quite replace the magic of his presence; and yet as he wrote of Louis Agassiz:

“His magic was not far to seek,—  
He was so human!”

## MR. ALFRED NOYES

*Chancellor Sloane:* Mr. Alfred Noyes made a confession to me yesterday, which I take the liberty of repeating, although it may violate the confessional. He said: "When I return in a short time to my own dear native land, I am going to be a little, and perhaps a great deal, homesick." He has become in a way one of us, and he is to favor us by reading two of his poems.

*Mr. Noyes:* The first poem which I am to read was suggested by that wonderful spectacle on Fifth Avenue during the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, when the flags of all the nations were displayed. It had its origin one night when the avenue was somewhat deserted and the west wind came blowing along, tossing those flags, and suggested, as it has always suggested in English poetry, the "Birth of the English Spirit."

### "THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES" \*

This is the song of the wind as it came  
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:

*I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.  
I am His Liberty. That is my name.*

So it descended, at night, on the city.  
So it went lavishing beauty and pity,  
Lighting the lordliest street of the world  
With half of the banners that earth has unfurled;

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Over the lamps that are brighter than stars.  
 Laughing aloud on its way to the wars,  
 Proud as America, sweeping along  
 Death and destruction like notes in a song,  
 Leaping to battle as man to his mate,  
 Joyous as God when he moved to create,—

Never was voice of a nation so glorious,  
 Glad of its cause and afire with its fate!  
 Never did eagle on mightier pinion  
 Tower to the height of a brighter dominion,  
 Kindling the hope of the prophets to flame,  
 Calling aloud on the deep as it came,

*Cleave me a way for an army with banners.  
 I am His Liberty. That is my name.*

Know you the meaning of all they are doing?  
 Know you the light that their soul is pursuing?  
 Know you the might of the world they are making,  
 This nation of nations whose heart is awaking?  
 What is this mingling of peoples and races?  
 Look at the wonder and joy in their faces!  
 Look how the folds of the union are spreading!  
 Look, for the nations are come to their wedding.  
 How shall the folk of our tongue be afraid of it?  
 England was born of it. England was made of it,  
 Made of this welding of tribes into one,  
 This marriage of pilgrims that followed the sun!  
 Briton and Roman and Saxon were drawn  
 By winds of this Pentecost, out of the dawn,  
 Westward, to make her one people of many;  
 But here is a union more mighty than any.  
 Know you the soul of this deep exultation?  
 Know you the word that goes forth to this nation?

*I am the breath of God. I am His Liberty.  
 Let there be light over all his creation.*

Over this Continent, wholly united,  
 They that were foemen in Europe are plighted.  
 Here, in a league that our blindness and pride  
 Doubted and flouted and mocked and denied,  
 Dawns the Republic, the laughing, gigantic  
 Europe, united, beyond the Atlantic.  
 That is America, speaking one tongue,  
 Acting her epics before they are sung,  
 Driving her rails from the palms to the snow,  
 Through States that are greater than Emperors know,  
 Forty-eight States that are empires in might,  
 But ruled by the will of one people tonight,  
 Nerved as one body, with net-works of steel,  
 Merging their strength in the one Commonweal,  
 Brooking no poverty, mocking at Mars,  
 Building their cities to talk with the stars.  
 Thriving, increasing by myriads again  
 Till even in numbers old Europe may wane.  
 How shall a son of the England they fought  
 Fail to declare the full pride of his thought,

Stand with the scoffers who, year after year,  
 Bring the Republic their half-hidden sneer?  
 Now, as in beauty she stands at our side,  
 Who shall withhold the full gift of his pride?  
 Not the great England who knows that her son,  
 Washington, fought her, and Liberty won.  
 England, whose names like the stars in their station,  
 Stand at the foot of that world's Declaration,—  
 Washington, Livingston, Langdon, she claims them,  
 It is her right to be proud when she names them,  
 Proud of that voice in the night as it came,  
 Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:

*I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.  
 I am His Liberty. That is my name.*

Flags, in themselves, are but rags that are dyed.  
 Flags, in that wind, are like nations enskied.  
 See, how they grapple the night as it rolls  
 And trample it under like triumphing souls.  
 Over the city that never knew sleep,  
 Look at the riotous folds as they leap.

Thousands of tri-colors, laughing for France,  
 Ripple and whisper and thunder and dance;  
 Thousands of flags for Great Britain aflame  
 Answer their sisters in Liberty's name.  
 Belgium is burning in pride overhead.  
 Poland is near, and her sunrise is red.  
 Under and over, and fluttering between,  
 Italy burgeons in red, white, and green.  
 See, how they climb like adventurous flowers,  
 Over the tops of the terrible towers. . . .  
*There, in the darkness, the glories are mated.*  
*There, in the darkness, a world is created.*  
*There, in this Pentecost, streaming on high.*  
*There, with a glory of stars in the sky.*  
*There the broad flag of our union and liberty*  
*Rides the proud night-wind and tyrannies die.*

*Mr. Noyes:* The next lines were suggested by the memorial service which was held in New York after the armistice was signed. The most impressive feature of that service, as I remember it, was the Funeral March, during which everyone stood.

## VICTORY \*

(WRITTEN AFTER THE BRITISH SERVICE AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.)

### I

Before those golden altar-lights we stood,  
Each one of us remembering his own dead.  
A more than earthly beauty seemed to brood  
On that hushed throng, and bless each bending head.

Beautiful on that gold, the deep-sea blue  
Of those young seamen, ranked on either side,  
Blent with the khaki, while the silence grew  
Deep, as for wings—oh, deep as England's pride.

Beautiful on that gold, two banners rose—  
Two flags that told how Freedom's realm was made,  
One fair with stars of hope, and one that shows  
The glorious cross of England's long crusade;

Two flags, now joined, till that high will be done  
Which sent them forth to make the whole world one.

### II

There were no signs of joy that eyes could see.  
Our hearts were all three thousand miles away.  
There were no trumpets blown for victory.  
A million dead were calling us that day.

And eyes grew blind, at times; but grief was deep,  
Deeper than any foes or friends have known;

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Company.

For oh, my country's lips are locked to keep  
Her bitterest loss her own, and all her own.

Only the music told what else was dumb,  
The funeral march to which our pulses beat;  
For all our dead went by, to a muffled drum.  
We heard the tread of all those phantom feet.

Yes. There was victory! Deep in every soul.  
We heard them marching to their unseen goal.

### III

There, once again, we saw the Cross go by,  
The Cross that fell with all those glorious towers,  
Burnt black in France or mocked on Calvary,  
Till—in one night—the crosses rose like flowers,

Legions of small white crosses, mile on mile,  
Pencilled with names that had outfought all pain,  
Where every shell-torn acre seems to smile—  
*Who shall destroy the cross that rose again?*

Out of the world's Walpurgis, where hope perished,  
Where all the forms of faith in ruin fell,  
Where every sign of heaven that earth had cherished  
Shrivelled among the lava-floods of hell,

The eternal Cross that conquers might with right  
Rose like a star to lead us through the night.

### IV

How shall the world remember? Men forget:  
Our dead are all too many even for Fame!  
Man's justice kneels to kings, and pays no debt  
To those who never courted her acclaim.

Cheat not your heart with promises to pay  
For gifts beyond all price so freely given.  
Where is the heart so rich that it can say  
To those who mourn, "I will restore your heaven"?

But these, with their own hands, laid up their treasure  
Where never an emperor can break in and steal,  
Treasure for those that loved them past all measure  
In those high griefs that earth can never heal,

Proud griefs, that walk on earth, yet gaze above,  
Knowing that sorrow is but remembered love.

V

Love that still holds us with immortal power,  
Yet cannot lift us to His realm of light;  
Love that still shows us heaven for one brief hour  
Only to daunt the heart with that sheer height;

Love that is made of loveliness entire  
In form and thought and act; and still must shame us  
Because we ever acknowledge and aspire,  
And yet let slip the shining hands that claim us.

Oh, if this Love might cloak with rags His glory,  
Laugh, eat and drink, and dwell with suffering men,  
Sit with us at our hearth, and hear our story,  
This world—we thought—might be transfigured then.

"But oh," Love answered, with swift human tears,  
"All these things have I done, these many years."

VI

"This day," Love said, "if ye will hear my voice,  
I mount and sing with birds in all your skies.

I am the soul that calls you to rejoice,  
And every wayside flower is my disguise.

“Look closely. Are the wings too wide for pity?  
Look closely. Do these tender hues betray?  
How often have I sought my Holy City?  
How often have ye turned your hearts away?

“Is there not healing in the beauty I bring you?  
Am I not whispering in green leaves and rain,  
Singing in all that woods and seas can sing you?  
Look, once, on Love, and earth is heaven again.

“Oh, did your Spring but once a century waken,  
The heaven of heavens for this would be forsaken.”

## VII

There's but one gift that all our dead desire,  
One gift that men can give, and that's a dream,  
Unless we, too, can burn with that same fire  
Of sacrifice—die to the things that seem;

Die to the little hatreds; die to greed;  
Die to the old ignoble selves we knew;  
Die to the base contempts of sect and creed,  
And rise again, like these, with souls as true.

Nay (since these died before their task was finished)  
Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth:—  
Build us that better world, oh, not diminished  
By one true splendor that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen,  
There's but one way. God make us better men.

*Chancellor Sloane*: When one of these noted wits [indicating two officers of The Pilgrims] turned to Professor Leacock yesterday and said to him that he had impoverished himself in the purchase of his books, we quite understood that, behind the mask of his mirth, there was the professor. I introduce to you Professor Stephen Leacock.

### PROFESSOR STEPHEN BUTLER LEACOCK

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Since I have the chance to do what I know many of you would like to do, if you were standing here in my place, may I first turn and express to Mr. Noyes our appreciation of the very wonderful and stirring verses that he has just read to us? I wish I had written them myself.

You do me, Mr. Chancellor, a very great honor in asking me to speak here today, and in attaching to my name a great distinction in the words, "of Canada." But I could have wished that some better eloquence than mine might have been brought into service to express the kind of thoughts that I want to convey to you upon such a momentous occasion as this.

We are here gathered together today to honor the memory of James Russell Lowell, a man whose name is a household word, whose books are household treasures on both sides of the Atlantic. This would have been a good thing to do, even if we had not had the experience of the last four years of war. But you all know and you all feel from the sense of this gathering that such celebrations as this have acquired a new significance after the experience we have gone through. We are beginning to crown anew the heads of the men of literature, all of them from Shakespeare on down to our own time, whose



books are the common gift and heritage of the people of Britain and America. They shine for us with a new light,—the light of our Anglo-Saxon unity.

We have made all too much in history of our political quarrels. We have been, as British and American people, rather apt to put out the worst side of ourselves for our neighbors to look at. We may sometimes have misled them. I am told that it is historically recorded that the years 1776 to 1783 were years during which the outside world really thought that we were having an actual war. Not at all. A difference of opinion was being settled in the only way that Englishmen and Americans have ever been able to settle their differences of opinion. And, though it left behind it much controversy, the result on the whole was momentous for the history of the world. We do not, up in Canada, draw our blinds against the sunlight on the Fourth of July. We throw them wide open and we like to think that from that Declaration of Independence there sprang the mother republic for the republics of all the world to pattern themselves upon, and that we, none the less, partly through the reaction of it, have been able to found for all the world to see, an imperial democracy built like yours upon the common principles of freedom.

I say that we have made too much of our quarrels in the past. We have heard too much of our Oregon disputes, and our "Fifty-four-Forty or Fight," and our other differences of opinion, of our dispute during your civil war, and of the sorry controversy that might have plunged us into war over the jungles and mud-flats of Venezuela. We know now that, when the test comes, we stand or fall together. And that has not been done by any work of diplomacy or by the operations of courts or ambassadors, but because we have something that is infinitely greater in common than that,—a common history and literature, and the aspirations that lie behind them and are the basis of our English and American literature. What nobler thing can you find for the boys and girls of a nation to be brought up on than the literature of English

school boys and English childhood? What nobler influence will you find than these somewhat despised products of our Victorian age? I know but little of the literature of Germany, still less of that of Austria or Turkey. Nor do I want to know anything more of them than I know now. But I suspect this,—that if you were to take from the literature of Germany the verbose and abstract windiness which comprises the philosophy of that people, you would find in it nothing that would compare with the splendid bedrock, the magnificent and noble aspirations upon which the literature of England and America have been built.

And this, may I say, too? I come to you here as one of the representatives of Canada, and we could form for ourselves no nobler name, no better insignia of citizenship, be it said with all reverence to you English and American people, than that which we have. There was a time when that was not so. There was a time when we in Canada were thinking much upon ourselves and wondering what our path in life should be. We seemed to be something greater than a colony, and something less than a nation, and in a certain sense we were inclined to envy you, and you, perhaps, in all kindness, to look down upon us as a somewhat lower order of men. That day is past. The last four years have given their memorials to a new pride on which to base our citizenship. The poppies that blow in Flanders Fields have carried back to us from our dead poet who wrote of them and from those who lie there buried beside him, a message of union and citizenship for all time. We in Canada are now able to reach out our hands to you in a way that never could be done before; and we can dismiss all idea of the possibility of our being swallowed up, or overshadowed in the sunshine of your greatness. Even in the cold light of our northern Aurora Borealis, we can walk with upright head, and, in this community of peoples of which we speak, we in Canada, humble though we are, may perhaps maintain a peculiar position of our own, something between the English and Americans—I will not say,

combining the virtues of both,—I will not say that, but we Canadians are at liberty to think it, if we like.

There is much talk in our time of a League of Nations, and I suppose, since the senator from Idaho is not here today, it may be mentioned. We have all been perplexed and surprised to find how a League of Nations is in danger of dissolving, as Sir Herbert Stephen describes it, into a League of Dreams, and we are all wondering how it can be bound fast and how the clauses could be so written that they will hold against strife, and it seems after all as if one must come to the conclusion that we can only base it upon the bedrock of the natural sympathies that exist between the great nations of the world, between ourselves and yourselves and between us both and the people of France. Upon that, and that alone, can you found the permanent covenant of the League of Nations.

For that, what can contribute more than the kind of celebrations we have been holding here, and the kind of sentiment we have been expressing, and the kind of good fellowship that I feel we have all been pledging toward one another now and forever more.

*Chancellor Sloane*: There is another great capital of the West, as well as of the North and East, and from that comes to us one of the members of the Institute, lawyer, writer, poet. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters will read a memorial to this anniversary and a tribute to England which he has written for this occasion.

## MR. EDGAR LEE MASTERS

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

### THE TIE

If heaven had meant we should be enemies,  
Though from your loins, England, we had sprung,  
It had not made us so by severing seas,  
But cursed our converse with a different tongue.

We brought your language with us, if we speak  
Your language with a drawl or nasal twang,  
We mould it boldly as we live and seek;  
Some words of Shakespeare in his time were slang.

If you have spread your glory in the world  
Your navy was of use, perhaps your sword.  
But long ago your banner had been furled  
Save for the conquest of your written word.

In this we share. The man we celebrate,  
At Birmingham spoke in an utterance clear  
Of hopes for which we stand the advocate,  
The freedom that our common hearts revere.

You taught us words to write a lasting charter:  
What people now impugn its sacred worth?  
A world republic of free thought and barter  
Was sketched in English on July the fourth.

It was the very year your Adam Smith  
Wrote down a merchant culture for mankind.  
The new day asks us to put by the myth  
Of gold alone that keeps the nations blind.

New Zealand and the courts of every power,  
America, Australia, Canada  
In English talk the business of the hour,  
Take counsel in its literature and law.

This is the backbone of a League of Peace.  
Nations we keep as houses, if you will,  
To which for private talk we have release  
From market places where we match our skill.

There may be Leagues of Nations—they must rest  
On words of understanding, not decrees.  
We cannot bring together East and West  
Except as equals, as democracies.

Your noble spirits have not failed as yet  
To honor Washington and Lincoln too,  
We still remember you did not forget  
To give Walt Whitman at the first his due.

And thus I speak, because your sons of light  
Join with us in this tribute to a man  
Who kept the flame of duty pure and bright—  
Lowell, who sensed the faith American.

He helped to bring us closer, make us friends.  
But if we would be closer, wholly free,  
We must resolve the problem which transcends  
All other problems, that of poverty.

We should not have it with us. As for you,  
Something remains with you of gavelkind.  
Uproot it, and we promise, if you do,  
To try to rid us of the village mind.

When Lowell lived we had the literal whip,  
Chains tangible, the rule of ignorant blood.  
Our task is greater. Oh, for fellowship  
To extirpate the things for which they stood.

Insatiate rules and laws tyrannical  
Are chains no less! Come, soldiers from the war,  
And help us in our task political,  
Destroy the banal gardens we abhor;

Your fathers from our civil war returned,  
As from a kiln, vessels for us to see  
The emblem of the Union on them burned.  
Come to us with the word of Liberty.

The war has sent us running here and there.  
Some foolish feet may stumble in the quest  
Over forgotten books of heart's despair  
With wisdom sealed, too many years at rest,

Kicked by a casual foot, perhaps inspired,  
A thing of powder for an ancient code.  
It will be well if what we have desired  
Is lighted us by thoughts which don't explode.

These treasured spirits treasured up for us  
Wait for release—the time is now at hand  
To take them from their prisons dolorous—  
Do justice to the poor, and free the land.

Milton and Langland, Shelley, Mill and Locke,  
Whitman and Lincoln, Lowell, living souls,  
Point to the world's great federation clock  
Which clicks the thrilling minutes ere it tolls.

*Chancellor Sloane:* Ladies and gentlemen, there are some men who pronounce a benediction, and there are also others who not only do that, but are themselves a benediction, and these proceedings will be brought to a close by such a man, Mr. Crothers.

## DR. SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE

The words of our chairman remind me of one of my first experiences as a college preacher at Harvard, where the college preacher, after the morning chapel, meets any of the students who come to talk with him. My only visitor came in very hastily, and he said: "Mr. Crothers, I wanted to say that I liked your benediction." Then he left.

At the close of this meeting, I feel that we want to particularly emphasize one side of Mr. Lowell that is of especial interest to us at this time. He was not merely a man of letters. He was a patriot and a reformer. He was profoundly concerned in all movements that aimed at better relations between nations. He would have rejoiced to take part in the work of to-day. A number of years ago a college professor, then of little note, wrote a delightful volume of essays, which was a flat failure from the publisher's point of view, and I am told that the reason that the public did not take to it enthusiastically lay in the title, which was "Mere Literature." People said, "We don't know who this Woodrow Wilson is, and if he is only talking about mere literature, it is no use for us earnest Americans to buy his books." The public was slow to appreciate the irony in the title. If it had taken the trouble to read the book, it would have learned that the author did not believe that literature could be dis-



connected from human interests and the great movements of humanity. Heine declared that he did not wish to be remembered merely as a poet, but as a soldier in the battle for the liberation of humanity.

There is a stricter sect of literary people who look upon any infusion of purpose in literature as a high crime and misdemeanor. They look upon it as a sort of an adulteration of the purity of literature that ought to come under the notice of the Pure Food and Drug Law. It happens that the group of poets and men of letters to which Lowell belonged, although they might have sometimes proclaimed this doctrine, never practised it. Emerson wrote, "A new commandment gave the smiling Muse: Thou shalt not preach." But the smile of the Muse must have been very ironical as she looked upon her New England votaries. Preaching was a part of their nature.

Lowell belonged to this group of born preachers. He was at his best when he was the spokesman of a cause, and if the cause were unpopular the appeal was all the greater. There were three great causes into which he threw all the energy of his nature. Two of these succeeded gloriously in his lifetime. The triumph of the last great cause was delayed.

The first cause was that of Anti-Slavery. In the first enthusiasm of youth he hailed it as

"God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight."

Here was the choice between darkness and light.

After a time he took up the cause of the Union in the same whole-hearted way. Lowell stood with Lincoln and interpreted him to the people. At the close of the Civil War the Commemoration Ode expressed the high mood of the triumphant nation.

But in the two decades that followed, a period of disappointment when American idealists were on the defensive, Henry Adams tells of the way in which the reformers strug-

gled against the wave of materialism which seemed about to destroy all that they had struggled for. They were consciously out of sympathy with the new conditions that had suddenly developed. They were trying to reform society without really understanding the forces that had suddenly come into play. Lowell felt this bewilderment. He expresses it in "The Cathedral." Standing in the Cathedral of Chartres, he thinks of the difference between the simplicity of mediæval religion and the complexity and vulgarity of the American life that confronts him. He confesses that he is himself "the born disciple of an elder time." He loves the ancient sanctities and feels the necessity of an established order. But intellectually he is convinced that the new order is inevitable. He believes in Democracy, yet he fears it.

"Worst is not yet: lo, where his coming looms,  
Of Earth's anarchic children latest born,  
Democracy."

This Western giant

"Scorning refinements which he lacks himself"

will destroy much which he may be unable to replace.

"How save the ark,  
Or holy of holies, unprofaned a day  
From his unscrupulous curiosity  
That handles everything as if to buy,  
Tossing aside what fabrics delicate  
Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his ways?  
What hope for those fine-nerved humanities  
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,  
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought  
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?"

Lowell admired the backwoodsman who, meeting Cæsar, "would slap his back, call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink." He was democratic enough to like to see some one do that to Cæsar, but he was not democratic enough to enjoy having somebody do it to him.

During the latter years of his life there were many notes of discouragement, as he watched the progress of American life. He shared the discouragements which came to all the reformers of his period. And yet during what was, in many respects, a dark period for the idealist he not only fought a good fight but he kept the faith in democracy. It was the faith that in spite of their lapses into materialistic habits of mind the American people could be trusted to rise to the level of the noblest opportunity.

In "The Faerie Queene" Spenser pictures the meeting of Sir Artegall, or Justice, with Sir Calidore, or Courtesy. Sir Artegall asks the nature of the quest, and the other answers:

"The Blatant Beast, quoth he, I doe pursue  
And through the world incessantly doe chase  
Till I him overtake or else subdue;  
Yet know I not or how or in what place  
To find him out; yet still I forward trace."

James Russell Lowell was one who continually chased the Blatant Beast which was ravaging the world. He was the foe of all that was ugly and sordid in our American life. And I know of no one who would have more delighted in the noble opportunity that confronts our nation to-day.



## SUPPLEMENTARY EVENTS

### REPRESENTATION OF "WASHINGTON" AT THE THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER

On the 20th of February, in compliment to the Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, its parent organization, and to their guests, and in honor of the birthday of Washington, Monsieur Jacques Copeau, Director-General of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, of New York, courteously gave a special matinee performance of the play of "Washington," by Mr. Percy MacKaye, a member of the Institute. Following is the programme, including La Fontaine's "La Coupe Enchantée:"

# WASHINGTON—(THE MAN WHO MADE US)

## FIRST HALF

INDUCTION—by Percy MacKaye. Translated into French by Jacques Copeau

### PART II: AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

THE TRAGIC MASK.....	Robert Bogaert
THE COMIC MASK.....	Marcel Millet
THE THEATRE.....	Louis Juvet

### LA COUPE ENCHANTÉE—BY LA FONTAINE

ANSELME.....	Robert Bogaert
LÉLIE.....	Jean Sarment
JOSSELIN.....	Louis Juvet
BERTRAND.....	Lucien Weber
M. GRIFFON.....	Marcel Millet
M. TOBIE.....	Robert Casa
LUCINDE.....	Jeannine Bresanges
THIBAUT.....	Romain Bouquet
PERRETTE.....	Renne Bouquet

### ENTR'ACTE

### PROLOGUE TO WASHINGTON

By Percy MacKaye—translated into French by Jacques Copeau

THE TRAGIC MASK.....	Robert Bogaert
THE COMIC MASK.....	Marcel Millet
THE THEATRE.....	Louis Juvet
QUILLOQUON, a Singer of Ballads.....	Lucien Weber

Inhibitors, A Little Boy, A Little Girl

TRANSITIONAL BALLAD (sung by Quilloquon), "Down by the Cold Hillsidey"

### WASHINGTON

A Dramatic Action—by Percy MacKaye

Translated into French by Pierre de Lanux. Scene designed by Robert Edmond Jones

WASHINGTON.....	Jacques Copeau
MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.....	Jean Sarment
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.....	Henri Dhurtal
THOMAS PAINE.....	Marcel Millet
BARON VON STEUBEN.....	Robert Casa
COUNT PULASKI.....	Emile Chifolian
BILLY, Negro Servant.....	Romain Bouquet
A POST BOY (Quilloquon).....	Lucien Weber
SOLDIERS.....	

SCENE: Interior of Washington's Tent, Valley Forge.

TIME: Winter of 1776

## LUNCHEON BY THE PILGRIMS

On the 21st of February The Pilgrims gave a luncheon to the English, Canadian, and Australian guests of the Academy at the Union League Club, at which were present many representative men of New York. Mr. George T. Wilson, Vice-President of The Pilgrims, presided, and the other speakers were: Sir H. Babington Smith, K. C. B., C. S. I., Acting High Commissioner of Great Britain; Professor Stephen Butler Leacock, Henry G. Braddon, High Commissioner for Australia; John Drew, Job E. Hedges, and Patrick Francis Murphy.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Permanent Secretary of the Academy, read the following extracts from his Ode, entitled "Hands Across Sea:"

### HANDS ACROSS SEA

[1899]

England, thou breeder of heroes and of bards,  
Had ever nation manlier shield or song!  
For thee such rivalry have sword and pen,  
Fame, from her heaped green, crowns with equal hand  
The deathless deed and the immortal word.  
For which dost thou thy Sidney hold more dear,  
Defense of England or of Poesie?  
Cromwell or Milton—if man's guiding stars  
Could vanish as they came—which wouldst thou spare?  
Lost Kempenfelt indeed, were Cowper mute!  
To victory, not alone on shuddering seas  
Rode Nelson, but on Campbell's tossing rhyme.  
Hark to thy great Duke's greater dirge, and doubt  
For which was Waterloo the worthier won,  
To change the tyrant on a foreign throne,  
Or add a faultless ode to English song.

[ 79 ]

Great deeds make poets: by whose nobler word,  
In turn, the blood of heroes is transfused  
Into the veins of sluggards, till they rise,  
Surprised, exalted to the height of men.

Nor can Columbia choose between the two  
Which give more glory to thy Minster gloom.  
They are our brave, our deathless, our divine—  
Our Saxon grasp on their embattled swords,  
Our Saxon numbers in their lyric speech.  
We grudge no storied wreath, nay, would withhold  
Of bay or laurel not one envied leaf.

To-day, not moved by memory or fear,  
But by the vision of a nobler time,  
Millions cry toward thee in a passion of peace.  
We need thee, England, not in armed array  
To stand beside us in the empty quarrels  
That kings pursue, ere War itself expire  
Like an o'er-armored knight in desperate lunge  
Beneath the weight of helmet and of lance;  
But now, in conflict with an inner foe  
Who shall in conquering either conquer both.  
For it is written in the book of fate:  
*By no sword save her own falls Liberty.*  
A wondrous century trembles at its dawn,  
Conflicting currents telling its approach;  
And while men take new reckonings from the peaks,  
Reweigh the jewel and retaste the wine,  
Be ours to guard against the impious hands  
That, like rash children, tamper with that blade.

Thou, too, hast seen the vision: shall it be  
Only a dream, caught in the web of night,  
Lost through the coarser meshes of the day?  
Or like the beauty of the prismic bow,  
Which the sun's ardor, that creates, consumes?  
Oh, may it be the thing we image it!—  
The beckoning spirit of our common race  
Floating before us in a fringe of light  
With Duty's brow, Love's eyes, the smile of Peace;  
Benignant figure of compelling mien,  
Star-crowned, star-girdled, and o'erstrewn with stars,  
As though a constellation should descend  
To be fit courier to a glorious age.



## LUNCHEON BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

Following the literary exercises the National Institute of Arts and Letters gave an informal luncheon to the members of the Academy and their guests, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.



The lines that follow, written by one of the Canadian guests of the Academy, were published in the press during the week of the commemoration:

ODE ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
BIRTH OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Lift up thine eyes, Sad Earth,  
From contemplation of the years of wrong,  
Shake the last tears away,  
And through thy glistening lashes,  
See how the bright dawn flashes  
On the dark frontiers of another day.

He who was born a hundred years ago  
Greets thee from out his silence.  
He had his share in that great answer  
Of the million-throated, No!  
To the base plot for Freedom's overthrow;  
All lovers of divinest Liberty  
Were present in that Concord;  
And Lowell's voice, free,  
With the freedom of two nations,  
Vibrated in that trumpet tone:  
How could that soul be alien and alone  
Who nourished Freedom in her direst need?  
Watcher of the world's turbid tide,  
He found our faults; Truth was his only pride,  
But Truth had taken Humour by the hand  
For counsel, that she might better understand.  
His mind was cheered and lit  
By the still silver lamps of elder days;  
He pierced the gloom of many a clinging haze  
With arrows of burning wit;  
He knew that Thought is master of Deed,

He dwelt in mansions with the Lords of Thought,  
And by their wisdom we are freed.

Thought flies before the venture,  
Prompting with lonely impulse  
As it moves and breathes;  
When the deed is fact,  
And Victor-laughter crowns the act,  
Thought heaps the ringing portal  
With the roses and the wreaths;  
When they are old  
Thought summons a few words,  
Clear with light and the songs of birds,  
Graves them on gold—  
The deed is made immortal!

Come, let us dream the dream  
That Milton and Shelley,  
That Lowell and Whitman dreamed,  
Prompting the Future with our thought;  
Then, when the deed is wrought,  
The thinkers who come after  
Will join their thought with ours  
And crown the event,—  
Liberty justified of her roots and flowers:  
Then we, with silence blent,  
Shall feel the Victor-laughter  
Thrill all our silence, and shall be well content.

**MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY  
OF ARTS AND LETTERS**



## MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

The Academy was organized in 1904-5 by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. It comprises fifty members, who as vacancies occur are elected from the Institute's list of two hundred and fifty.

### OFFICERS

*President* : Mr. Howells

*Chancellor* : Mr. Sloane

*Treasurer* : Mr. Hastings

*Permanent Secretary* : Mr. Johnson, 347 Madison Ave., N. Y.

*Directors* : Messrs. Butler, French, Hastings, Howells, Johnson, Sloane and Thomas

William Dean Howells  
 \*Augustus Saint-Gaudens  
 \*Edmund Clarence Stedman  
 \*John La Farge  
 \*Samuel Langhorne Clemens  
 \*John Hay  
 \*Edward MacDowell  
 \*Henry James  
 \*Charles Follen McKim  
 \*Henry Adams  
 \*Charles Eliot Norton  
 \*John Quincy Adams Ward  
 \*Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury  
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 \*Joseph Jefferson  
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 \*Richard Watson Gilder  
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 Thomas Nelson Page  
 Elihu Vedder  
 George Edward Woodberry  
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 \*John Muir  
 \*Charles Francis Adams  
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 George deForest Brush  
 William Rutherford Mead

\* Deceased

- |                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| *John Bigelow               | *John White Alexander  |
| *Winslow Homer              | Bliss Perry            |
| *Carl Schurz                | *Francis Davis Millet  |
| *Alfred Thayer Mahan        | Abbott Lawrence Lowell |
| *Joel Chandler Harris       | *James Whitcomb Riley  |
| Daniel Chester French       | Nicholas Murray Butler |
| John Burroughs              | Paul Wayland Bartlett  |
| James Ford Rhodes           | *George Browne Post    |
| *Edwin Austin Abbey         | Owen Wister            |
| Horatio William Parker      | Herbert Adams          |
| William Milligan Sloane     | Augustus Thomas        |
| *Edward Everett Hale        | Timothy Cole           |
| Robert Underwood Johnson    | Cass Gilbert           |
| George Washington Cable     | William Roscoe Thayer  |
| *Daniel Coit Gilman         | Robert Grant           |
| *Thomas Wentworth Higginson | Frederick MacMonnies   |
| *Donald Grant Mitchell      | Julian Alden Weir      |
| *Andrew Dickson White       | William Gillette       |
| Henry van Dyke              | Paul Elmer More        |
| William Crary Brownell      | *George Lockhart Rives |
| Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve  | Barrett Wendell        |
| *Julia Ward Howe            | Gari Melchers          |
| Woodrow Wilson              | Elihu Root             |
| Arthur Twining Hadley       | Brand Whitlock         |
| Henry Cabot Lodge           | Hamlin Garland         |
| *Francis Hopkinson Smith    | Paul Shorey            |
| *Francis Marion Crawford    |                        |

[Revised to May 15, 1919]









